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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[MR. GREEN SHOWS HIS SKILL.]

BASIL RIVINGTON'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Oh for ten years, that I may overwhelm
Myself in poetry; so I may do the deed
That my own soul has to itself decreed.
Then will I pass the countries that I see
In long perspective, and continually
Taste their pure fountains

The summer came on again. The days grew long and warm. Jane roses blossomed, the fruits ripened, the grass grew long over Jackie's grave, and his father returned to the splendour of his lonely home.

Before he went, the natural generosity of his nature manifested itself, and he pressed Mrs. Chub to accept such portion of his wealth as should keep her in comfort all her days.

At first the widow refused firmly. He had neglected her daughter, and she felt she could not touch his money, but he argued long and warmly, until at last he carried his point.

"You have not only yourself to think of; there is Miss Colville. If you accept my aid, you will be able to rescue her from a position cruelly unsuitable to one of her youth and beauty."

"Ida would never bear to be dependent on me—never."

"She need not," he answered, with a decision that showed he had thought long and earnestly on the subject. "You are not fit to live alone, you need a companion. I think you can prevail on her to remain as such."

So, soon there came a night when for the last time Ida appeared at the "Nymphs' Resort," when for the last time her rich, sweet voice enchanted the audience. Mr. Caution was furious, the artistes declared her to be mad, while she herself felt only conscious of a great, unutterable relief. She

had not many farewell visits to pay—in fact, only one, it was to Night's Lane, Camden Town. There she was received with warmth. She told Matilda of her change in life, how she was to leave the "Nymphs' Resort" and live with an old lady as companion, but she did not reveal her true name. As Ada Loville they had known her first, so should they know her always, for kind and hospitable as the Grubbingtons had been to her, there was yet one reason why Ida did not care for them to know quite all about her.

Percy Harcourt's face was not forgotten; the memory of his smile yet lingered with the lonely girl. She was very proud; she knew the circumstances under which she had seen him last, and unless they were explained, she felt there would be more pain than pleasure in meeting him, and so Ida left the house that had relieved her in her direst need, and went with Mrs. Chub to the small, yet cheerful villa at Norwood that Sir Charles Amory had elected for his mother-in-law's residence. Then came a season of quiet calm; the reaction after all the excitement of the last few months, when Ida had leisure to think of the past, of Rivington House, of Blanksire, last, but not least, of the man who had loved her so passionately, so vainly, Duke Rivington.

It might be, that now her own heart was touched, now she knew just a little of what it was to cherish an unrequited affection. She could feel for him as she had never done before; she remembered her promise of letting him know at least that she was well, and so in the first few weeks after her removal, she wrote a simple note, such as friend might send to friend, telling him her address, and that she had not regretted the step she took that bright August day when they parted, but was happy and content.

Percy Harcourt was at Rivington House, the guest of its young master, in that season dear to each sportsman's heart which commences on the first of September.

Duke had warmly urged the visit, until Percy, with a reluctance he could hardly acknowledge

even to himself, had accepted it. His word once given he was not likely to recall it; and the thirty-first of August found him in Blanksire.

He was really pleased at the thought of meeting his old friend; it was but the remembrance of a fair face and a pair of blue eyes that had caused his hesitation.

The future barrister enjoyed the first week of his visit very much; he admired the fine old mansion with its avenues of lofty trees, its winding galleries, and spacious halls; he liked the easy, good-natured squire, and even tolerated the saintly mistress of Rivington; he became a ready favourite with all, rich and poor seemed attached by his handsome face and genial manner. And so the visit sped happily on, none guessing the tragic event that was so soon to throw Rivington House and its inmates into deepest gloom.

"I wonder you don't marry," said young Harcourt, confidentially to his friend, as they sat together one evening, in a cosy room, half-library, half-study; "You ought to marry."

"Your opinions seem strangely altered," said the other, with a curious smile: "It is not very long since you warned me of the faults and foibles of the gentler sex."

"Your position and mine are different," said Percy, shortly; "marriage is almost a duty to the heir of Rivington!"

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," said Duke, half-mockingly, half-sadly, "than to be married to-morrow."

"What's the difficulty,—your father would never oppose your wishes. Madame la mère would not hold out against the persuasions of her only son."

"You forget the other party," said Duke, quietly.

"Oh, there are few young ladies foolish enough to say no to the heir of Rivington."

"Nevertheless one, the only one of whom I have cared to ask the question, has said so."

Percy was silent just for a moment, feeling he had inadvertently touched on a painful subject. Duke continued reassuringly.

"It's no new affair, at least, not very, I don't mind you knowing, old fellow, although till now I have kept it a secret. I was rejected last August, and I haven't quite got over it."

"Who was she?" asked Percy, with, perhaps, not unpaternal curiosity.

"You have heard of my uncle Basil's ward or adopted daughter, I forget which he called her."

"Miss Colville? oh, yes."

"She was left penniless at his death. My mother never liked her, and so the girl—she was only seventeen, and without a friend or relation in the world—made up her mind to leave Blankshire and go to London."

"Rather Quixotic. Pray what did she mean to do when she got there?" sarcastically.

"Work for her livelihood, she said. My poor, beautiful darling! She was not fitted for it."

"Well?"

"I came away here the day she was to leave, and there—But I can't go through it, Percy. She refused me out and out."

"And you have never seen her since?"

"Once in London. She brushed past me in a crowd, and before I had well recovered from my surprise she had disappeared."

"And you did not try to track her? But it would have been no good. One great advantage of a residence in London, as my respected parents have proved, is that it is extremely difficult for your friends to find you there unless you're willing to be found." Then, in a more sympathetic tone: "So that's what's changed you so. I could see the alteration, but I never guessed there was a woman at the bottom of it. Oh, Duke, you should not mope for a pretty face. There's plenty more in the world."

"She was more than pretty," said Duke, impatiently.

"Ah, a Spanish beauty, with blue-black hair and flashing eyes. That's the style to entrance you, Duke."

"Wrong for once," was the quiet retort. "I have blonde, olive, blue eyes and golden hair. I am an Englishman and my wife must have an English face."

The next morning after breakfast they dined with their guns and a couple of the fine dogs on whose society the squire prided himself. They took no keepers.

Duke was rather fond of dispensing with their attendance, and both friends were congratulating themselves on being free from an unwelcome companionship when a certain Mr. Green, an Oxford freshman, who chanced to be staying at Rivington House, came up and begged to be allowed to make one of their party.

Duke was a true gentleman. He knew that Mr. Green's acquaintance with a gun was of the most limited description, but he could not be rude to his guest.

He, therefore, expressed a pleasure not, perhaps, genuine, and the three went forward together.

Mr. Green soon proved himself a living exposition of his name, at least so far as shooting was concerned; his chief idea of that noble pastime being to constantly place himself in the position of a target and to frighten the birds away by his incautious footsteps and still more incautious voice.

Duke Rivington bore these foibles with serene good humour, but Percy had much ado to conceal his displeasure, and he could not resist aiming a few satirical thrusts at Mr. Green.

"You must have had a great deal of practice, Green. You seem quite au fait at it."

Mr. Green modestly disclaimed this praise, and proceeded to show how little it was deserved by firing at a partridge within easy distance. The uninjured bird flew derisively away, and the charge of Mr. Green's murderous weapon fell harmlessly to the ground.

"Dear me, now," said the young gentleman, simply, "how very fast that bird flies."

Percy turned away to hide his laughter.

Duke kindly assisted his guest to make another effort with precisely the same results.

The others, however, were more fortunate—it would be cruel defamation of Mr. Green to say more skillful, since surely it was no fault of his that all the birds he aimed at "flew very fast"—and when a good supply of game was secured the trio began to think of retracing their steps.

"I have shot nothing, absolutely nothing," said Mr. Green, dolefully.

"Oh, that's the birds' fault. They fly so quickly you haven't time," said Percy, with feigned sympathy.

"There's a fine one, at any rate," put in Duke Rivington; "have another try."

Mr. Green commenced to do as directed. Whether he was over anxious or over nervous can never be ascertained. He pulled the trigger of his gun, pointing it, as he believed, at the plump pheasant pointed out by his friend.

The bird, unhurt, soared upwards, but the ball did work far more fatal; it struck Duke Rivington as he stood in all the pride of his manhood.

One faint cry escaped him, and then he fell senseless to the earth. His white face turned upwards and exposed to the full glare of the autumn sun.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE summer sun shone on all, rich and poor, high and low, and its rays peeped into Night's Lane and tried to brighten that dull thoroughfare, though at No. 9 few changes had come, save that Mr. Grubbington was in a few more difficulties, his patient wife a little nearer the bounds of life, and Mr. Timothy Sheepwell, who was still with them, was a boaster no longer, but in the proud position of Miss Val's accepted suitor.

It was not a very brilliant prospect for Miss Val, since her lover only received from the "establishment" the weekly sum of thirty shillings, which certainly was a limited income on which to think of matrimony; her father pointed this out to her, and advised her to wait, and do better, whereupon her amiable parent, who was too much engrossed in these schemes which were to benefit mankind, had much leisure left to stand to the welfare of his own child, obligingly gave way, and the young couple were allowed to be happy, i. e., to be betrothed. Matilda roused herself to give a kindly warning to her daughter.

"It's not for a month or a year, Val, but for all time; do you think, Val, your love will last so long?"

Val said she hoped so. In reality she knew her affection was not the unselfish love her mother had cherished for her father, but she did not care to own it.

Of course the lovers were much together in their spare time. The old Duke at Wedsey had been duly consulted for their consent, and had benevolently forwarded the same in a letter which, might be said to be Wedsey's from beginning to end, since they first assured their future daughter that Wedsey was a very charming place, then boded her would visit Wedsey, regretted she had not been born at Wedsey, knew she would love Wedsey, and finally adjured Timothy not to leave Wedsey. Val this was most delightful. Val's quite affectionate towards the parents of her lover, and folded the learned epistle away in a drawer among her dearest treasures.

As I said, she was a great deal engaged in the first week of early summertime, so it was Doll who hung over her mother's chair and soothed her pain. With loving words, Doll broke to Mr. Grubbington that the gentle wife, for whom latterly he had shown so little thought, would not linger much longer at his side. To do the promoter and starter of companies justice, this news was a dreadful blow to him; with all his faults, he loved his wife, and when the thought of her danger was first suggested to him, he indignantly spurned the idea. By and bye, when he saw its truth; when day by day she grew worse, not better, he plied her with questions, "What could he do for her?" "What would she take?" "Whom would she see?" etc.

To each and all of these inquiries Mrs. Grubbington made but one answer, and that was a request, which she urged with strange pertinacity; and her husband firmly refused.

It was a simple petition: "it would have cost neither money nor time to have granted it, and yet Mr. Grubbington said "No," till one September night, Doll went to him, and kneeling down begged him with tears in her eyes, to "do what mamma had asked him;" then he softened.

"Do you know what she wishes, Doll, that it may bring trouble on us all?"

"I do not know what it is, but she wishes it so much, and we ought not to cross her now."

The result of this pleading was that before he went out, Mr. Grubbington kissed his wife and said with an effort:

"I've been thinking over what you said, Matilda, and you can have your way. Send for Harcourt as soon as you choose, and tell him what you like."

Quite half of the burden of care passed from her thin face as she answered:

"Oh, Charles, thank you!"

"Wants to see me," soliloquised George Harcourt, a few days later, as he read a note that had just been brought to him. "What should Mrs. Grubbington want to see me for? She must mean Percy."

Perusing the note a second time, however, and seeing Percy's name was not even mentioned, the solicitor came to the conclusion that it must be himself whose presence was requested, and that very evening, instead of returning to his caseful home, he found out Night's Lane, Camden Town, and knocked at the door of No. 9.

A pretty girl of nineteen or so opened it; Mr. Harcourt recognised her as Percy's youngest sister, and wondered why her eyes were red with weeping. He said nothing, never showed that he noticed her agitation, only spoke a careless, friendly greeting, and asked for her mother.

"She is rather weaker, to-night, thank you."

Mr. Harcourt had not known of her illness, and he said so.

Doll murmured some inarticulate response, and led the way to the little parlour. The solicitor shook hands with the invalid, made some pleasant commonplace remarks, and then sat down beside her couch, still wondering why she had sent for him.

"You can go now, dear," observed Mrs. Grubbington to her daughter. "I will ring if I want you."

The obedient girl left the room, and for a few moments, silence reigned; then in a trembling voice, Matilda began:

"You have always been kind to me, Mr. Harcourt; when other friends fought shy, you were faithful, and now I am going to ask you for your favour, the last I shall trouble you with, for they tell me I am dying."

"Surely not dying! put in the astonished visitor. "I hope you are mistaken, I am only for your husband and children's sake."

"I am not mistaken, I am really, if slowly dying, and I shall have no peace of mind, until you have promised to grant my petition."

"Tell me to whom it relates."

"Chiefly to Percy."

Wondering what bonnet lay in his power to bestow, could affect Percy, his own adopted son, for whom he would willingly have sacrificed anything, George Harcourt took the seated hand in his, and said kindly:

"I promise you a more exact reply to-morrow."

"Do you remember the night, long years ago, when you found me out at the miserable home in Kensington?"

"Well, as if it were yesterday."

"I promised to answer my mother's care on your word, to treat him as my son."

"Yes."

"Later on, we wrote and told you he was dead, and came to the funeral, you followed to the grave?"

"To what do all these questions tend?" cried the solicitor, who began to fear that much trouble had turned the poor woman's head.

"Mr. Harcourt, I sent for you, to confess that the child whom you saw buried was not the infant you assumed to our care, but my own son, Percy Grubbington."

"And Percy—my Percy; who is he?"

"I do not know his rightful name. I only know that he was the child you sent to us. I was ambitious for my son—my own son; and so I changed the children. Oh, Mr. Harcourt!"

And her voice grew shrill in its agony of remorse.

"You cannot blame me more than I have blamed myself. Since that day, my life has been one long anxiety, a never ending fear, a torturing dread!"

"Poor soul!"

"It was I did it, the scheme was mine; it was not Charles's fault, he did not think of it; you must not lay the blame to him, it was my own act, and deed; so I must bear everything."

She did not look fit to bear the slightest burden, much less everything, as she lay there, flushed and breathless, her eyes dilating, her pulse throbbing with excitement. And yet she was calmer, happier than she had been for years, even since she accomplished her deceit; for confession was made and she need dread detection no longer.

Mr. Harcourt sat motionless, wrapped in thought; he was more puzzled than he had ever been before, in the whole course of his professional experience. His adopted son and the lost child of Basil Rivington were one and the same.

Percy was the lawful possessor of all that Marmaduke Rivington bequeathed his own. It would be easy to prove this, easy to secure to him his estate and fortune. But then, what was to become of Duke? Duke, with his handsome face and careless habits, who had been brought up to believe himself the heir to his uncle's property, and who had no profession on which to fall back; such were his musings, while Matilda watched him as eagerly as though she could read her sentence in his face.

At last, he spoke, and his tone bore no sound of anger, but was pitying, even kindly:

"You have not asked your favour, Mrs. Grubbington."

"Oh, Mr. Harcourt, I am almost ashamed to, only if you would not be hard on me, it wasn't Charles's fault, and I—I haven't much longer to live; and, oh, I could not bear to die in prison!"

"In prison?"

"Yes. Oh, you won't send me there, will you? And tell Percy I did not mean to do him any harm; only we were so poor, so very poor, and it was such a fearful temptation!"

"Aye, it must have been; I ought to have thought of that."

Her fingers were busy with a folded paper, tremblingly she handed it to him.

"I have put it all down in writing, sir, and Charles has signed it too, and a friend has witnessed it; it will be enough won't it, sir?"

"For what?"

"To prove who Percy is. There is one thing more I'd like to ask, that you would not tell him till I'm gone; he has been so good and kind to me, Mr. Harcourt, and I'd like to have him think me his mother to the last; I couldn't bear to see him look distrustfully on me."

George Harcourt looked attentively at the shrunken form, and knew she spoke the truth; that she was dying; it could make but a few days, at most a few weeks, delay, and he could not bear to thwart her.

"You shall have your way; I promise he shall know nothing while you live."

"Will he be very rich and happy?" asked Matilda, wistfully.

"He will be rich; I cannot answer your other question; wealth cannot always bring happiness; Percy's father knew that well."

"But it can smooth our troubles," answered the woman, who had so rarely known the want of the "it" alluded to. "I'm glad Percy will be rich."

"He will make a right use of his wealth." After all, these years of waiting may have a good influence on his after life; they may teach him how to wear the honours that he was born to."

"Has he a title?"

"No; he is a scion of one of England's oldest families, but possesses no handle to his name. I must be going; I have stayed more than a hour, and too much excitement cannot be good for you."

"It matters very little," said the invalid, simply; "and your visit has done me good. I need have no more fears, for you know all, and you have forgiven me. Oh, I shall sleep well to-night."

CHAPTER XXVI.

PERCY HARCOURT—to call him for a short time longer by the name of his adopted father—rushed to the side of his prostrate friend. He raised Duke's head with almost a woman's tenderness; he called on him with gentle voice, gradually raised, as no answer came, then he turned on the unhappy Mr. Green with passionate anger.

"Man alive! what do you stand there staring for? You have done harm enough already, why don't you go for help—assistance?"

Mr. Green, who was in a state of utmost penitence, needed no further bidding; he started off at the top of his speed, screaming "Stop thief!" in his loudest voice; which, very applicable command he hardly ceased to utter till he reached Rivington House.

The squire hearing this singular cry, went out to meet him, under the firm conviction that an attempt had been made to seize his family plate.

"Have you caught them?" cried he, excitedly.

"How did you find it out?"

"Oh, Mr. Rivington, make haste! make haste!" exclaimed poor Mr. Green, who in his great distress had well nigh lost his wits.

"I don't understand," said the squire, helplessly.

Then Mr. Green commenced an explanation, he was very nervous and very hurried, but the listener understood enough to make him send off a messenger on horseback for the doctor, and himself with one or two trusty servants, hastened to his son's assistance.

"Whatever did you mean by that absurd cry of 'stop thief'?" he asked testily.

"I thought people always cried that when anything went wrong," answered the freshman, simply.

Mr. Rivington made no answer, he redoubled his speed, and sent Mr. Green forward to guide them through the wood to the spot where he had left Duke; the father's heart was sore; he did not know the extent of the evil, but his only son had met with an accident, and that was enough to awake his fears.

Through the mazes of the wood, they at length reached the spot, which, alas, might perhaps in after years have to be pointed out as the place where Duke Rivington met his death blow. The two were just as Mr. Green had left them; Percy kneeling on the ground, supported Duke's head, and tried hard to staunch the life blood that flowed so freely. He looked up as Mr. Rivington approached, and said, sadly:

"There is no change, I cannot rouse him."

Then the servants, at a signal from the father,

raised their young master in their arms, and the sad procession started. Not a word was spoken, for the hearts of all were full, to think that he who had left his house that morning so full of health and strength, should be borne to it a few hours later, helpless and wounded.

At last Mr. Rivington, who thought himself of his wife. She must not see her firstborn without some word of preparation or warning. He resigned his place nearest the still figure to Percy Harcourt, and went on at a quicker pace to meet his wife. The story of the thieves had reached her ear, and she was eager to know what they had taken, whether they were caught. Marmaduke answered her with patience, then he said gently:

"The report of thieves was false, Elizabeth; but another trouble, far worse, has come to us."

"The mother's heart was quick to take the fear."

"Is it Duke?" she whispered.

"Aye, Duke; he has been wounded by a gun shot; they are bringing him now. Elizabeth, you will be brave, for his sake."

"I will try." And her voice had a softer ring, that even in his grief had no unpleasant sound in her husband's ear.

She needed all her courage; she stood in the hall with her husband, and watched them carry in her first-born child, her only son. Without a word, she led the way to the spacious room, she herself had allotted to Duke; when first they came to take possession of his uncle's home, she watched them lay the still form on the bed, without a moan or tear, only her face was very white, and her lips were tightly pressed together, as she knelt down, and took one of the joy hands in his and gently chafed it. She might be stern and harsh to others, but this was her only son, and she loved him passionately, intensely. Mr. Green had not followed so far, he had quitted the others in the hall, and now he sat alone in the dining-room, afraid to meet the squire's eye; afraid to hear reproaches fall from the lips of Mrs. Rivington. He could not bear to witness the grief of which he was the wretched cause, and so he sat in the grand room, now so utterly, so painfully deserted, and heard the constant tread of footsteps to and fro. He longed to meet them, to ask the question whether Duke yet lived; but he could not nerve himself for the effort, and so he sat on in suspense.

Far different was it with Percy Harcourt. For years the intimate friend of Duke, he felt for him an almost brotherly affection; he had been with him when the accident came, and he could not leave him until he had heard the doctor's verdict. And so when Mr. Gilson, a practitioner of some skill, who was the Rivingtons' usual attendant, arrived, he found the father and mother watching beside their son, and near them the handsome face he had observed the previous Sunday in the village church.

The old man had known Duke from early childhood; used as he was to scenes of sorrow, his voice trembled as he gazed on the wreck of what had been so recently a man in the pride of health and strength. Under his direction some more powerful restoratives were applied. And, in about an hour's time, a slight groan proclaimed that Duke Rivington was yet numbered with the living.

Soon after the medical man took leave, and Squire Rivington and Percy followed him from the room, to extract a more candid opinion than he could be expected to give in the presence of the sorrow-stricken mother.

"What is it, Gilson?" cried the squire; "speak freely; I am no woman; I can bear it."

"Mr. Rivington, it is impossible for me at present to give any decided opinion. With your permission I will telegraph for Dr. B—, and when we have met in consultation, I shall be better able to satisfy your anxiety." Marmaduke Rivington shuddered. Dr. B— was the physician of the county, seldom, or never employed, save in cases of the utmost danger, generally called in as a last resource; sending for him did indeed sound ominous.

"Come, come," said Mr. Gilson, kindly; "you must cheer up, squire; it will never do to show such a melancholy face to Mrs. Rivington. You will need your courage to support her besides, though it is an ugly wound enough. Your son is young, and has an excellent constitution."

As readily cheered as he was easily depressed, the father accepted this view of the case, and wringing his friend's hand, returned to the room which in all the stately mansion was now the most precious to him. Mr. Gilson turned to Percy, to whom in the agitation of the moment the squire had made no attempt to introduce him.

"I think you are Mr. Harcourt."

"Yes."

"Will you walk with me to the lodge. I have something to say, and we can talk more freely there, in the open air."

But he was so silent on their way, that Percy thought he must have forgotten the communication, and reminded him of it.

"Yes, I was forgetting; are you any relation of the Rivingtons?"

"None whatever."

"Then I can speak freely to you. 'They,' and he pointed with his finger to the house, which was fast becoming lost to their view, "could hardly bear it yet. Duke will never recover; this is his death blow."

Almost stunned by the suddenness of the news, Percy cried, breathlessly:

"Are you quite sure?"

"As sure as mortal can be. I would save him if any effort could, for he has grown up under my eyes and I love him dearly. I proposed sending for B—, because it will be a satisfaction for them to remember afterwards. 'He can do no good.'"

Percy was simply speechless from grief and amazement.

The talkative doctor continued:

"How did it happen?"

"And then Percy collected himself sufficiently to give a short account of the affair."

Mr. Gilson was indignant against the rashness and stupidity of Mr. Green.

"There," he said, hotly, "there are fools in the world, and I suppose he's one of them. Why couldn't he have shot himself. We could have spared him much better than one so full of hope and promise as Duke Rivington."

They had reached the lodge. The doctor's pony-carriage was waiting. He sprang into it and took the reins.

Percy pressed forward to ask a parting question.

"When shall I be back, eh?" repeated Mr. Gilson. "I shall drive over to — to meet B—, and then we shall come back together."

"You think he will last till then?"

"Yes, there is no immediate danger. He might live a week, but I don't say he will."

And with the echo of the last words ringing sadly in his ears, Percy Harcourt slowly retraced his steps, wondering why so much evil had been allowed to happen to one so true and noble as Duke.

Not many months after he understood the workings of Providence, and confessed that it was best.

When he reached the house, the dreary, desolate look that sickness ever brings seemed already to have settled over it; no sound was heard, save the muffled tread of servants, as they passed to and fro what was now felt to be emphatically the room. Percy felt the gloom, and it struck on his heart as a dim foreshadowing of what was to come. He sat down in the dining-room as Mr. Green had done once before on that eventful day. Was it possible that it was so short a time since he and Duke had had that confidential chat! and then he fell to thinking of Duke's love story, and he wondered how it could be, that the passionate life affection of such a heart should be refused. Whether if Miss Colville knew the blow that had fallen on her suitor, she would not regret the words that had sent him from her; would not wish she had said "Yes," and accepted his loving care for ever and for aye.

"It's very strange," muttered Percy, "but somehow all the best men, those who really are worth the name, seem either to give their hearts where a return of love is impossible, or else to many pretty, waxen dolls, who have neither the power nor will to aid or cheer them. Poor Duke, your fate has been the first. I am not so good as you, yet I wonder what mine will be."

And somehow at that thought, despite his anxiety for his friend, the image of Ada Loville rose up before him, as he had seen her in that narrow London street, face to face with the wretched woman from whose abuse he had afterwards rescued her.

He sat there unconscious of the flight of time, till a servant noiselessly opened the door, and ushered in Mr. Gilson and a small erect man in spectacles, who, despite his unpretending appearance, was yet no other than the great physician. Percy rose up and followed the two doctors to the sick room; he did not enter with them, but waited outside the door a very few moments, and then the three returned to the dining-room, where during their absence a servant had placed a lamp.

"Shall I leave you; would you like to consult in private," asked Percy, who in the time of trouble seemed to take upon himself the duties of a near relation of the house.

"No, thank you," was the courteous reply of the physician; "I can do nothing more than Mr. Gilson has already done. I may leave him in perfect confidence to watch the case for me."

"I think it would be a satisfaction to the squire if you would stay yourself."

"Were there any good to be accomplished by my doing so, I would not hesitate, but there is nothing to do but to wait and watch. I will be with you myself early to-morrow."

"And your opinion?" asked young Harcourt, eagerly.

"He can never recover; the bullet has pierced the lungs, and he can only last a few days, perhaps a week, not longer."

"May we tell him?"

In his present state of stupor it would be useless, by to-morrow I trust his senses will have returned, and he will remain conscious to the end."

All night Percy paced the dining-room; he was surprised at the first dawn of morning light to see himself in the long mirror, pale and haggard, and still in his shooting costume; retiring to his own room, he doffed the latter, and then he went out into the grounds; more than an hour did he spend among the flowers, "Nature's Comforters," as some writer calls them, and then he returned to the house, to be met by Mr. Rivington, who was evidently seeking him.

"Better, much better," said the latter, in answer to Percy's questioning glance, he is awake now and asking for you."

A few minutes Percy and the friends were together. Duke Rivington lay on the bed, where Percy had last seen him, almost as motionless as then; his face was deadly white, and the blue veins in his forehead were fearfully distinct; his eyes were bright as ever, and his old smile flickered on his lips; he stretched out one hand to Percy, and his mother, who had been sitting with him, rose and left them together.

Oh, what a difference was there now, between those two friends. Oh, what an awful change four and twenty hours had wrought in Duke; he was the first to speak, and his voice was clear and distinct, though very low.

"I knew you would come."

"I would have come sooner, had I known you wished it."

"Where is Green?"

"Gone; he went late last night. Oh, Duke, to think that his stupidity should have brought you to this."

"Do they know he did it?"

"No."

"Then don't tell them, they will think it was my own gun, and I had it then."

"But why should you?" said Percy, impetuously.

"I should like him to be well blamed for his worse than carelessness."

"You will not mention it, Percy," said the sufferer, confidently. "You will keep his secret for my sake."

"I should like to see him thoroughly exposed;" but when he had said the words, he regretted them, their revengeful tenor seemed so out of place in Duke's sick room, beside his pale suffering face; repenting his warmth, Percy said in a gentle voice:

"Don't disturb yourself about him, Duke, he's not worth it. I will screen him for your sake."

Then came a long pause. Percy was watching his friend, and hoping against hope, that the doctors might after all prove mistaken, and poor Duke was preparing to ask the question, that few mortals can ask, without misgivings.

"Am I very ill?"

(To be continued.)

A NEW FLESH-EATING PITCHER PLANT.

THE "Darlingtonia" is described by Mr. Henry Edwards, who discovered it in August, 1875, at an altitude of from 1,000 to 5,000 feet, near Mount Shasta, in California. It most affects boggy spots, particularly those known as "deer licks," and is by no means difficult of cultivation, being best treated by being grown in a soil of peat, or peat and chopped sphagnum, kept wet, not merely moist, the pot or pans to be placed on a wet bottom, frame or cool-house treatment being the best in winter, warm greenhouse or temperate stove in summer. The leaf of this plant, which is tubular from top to bottom, sometimes reaches the height of 3ft. 6in., with a peculiar twist in the stem; the brightly-coloured hood being as large as a man's flat, divided in front and above the mouth into two lanceolate lobes, somewhat resembling a long and loose moustache. The interior of the tube, about half its length, is smooth and semi-transparent, for insects do not care about venturing into dark places. But from that distance to the bottom it becomes more opaque, and is thickly set with fine sinuous hairs, pointing downwards, so as to facilitate ingress and prevent egress. In forty tubes he opened, Mr. Ed-

wards discriminated forty-three species of insects, belonging to seven orders, all of which he enumerated. The soft and digestible portion of these had been absorbed and assimilated, but the harder integuments remained undissolved, the largest number of victims being attracted by the most richly-coloured tubes.

FROM DAWN TO DARK.

I.

Two little ones, at the dawn of day,
Among the flowers of spring at play,
All the laughing and jocular weather;
While the brooklet brawls at their gladsome feet,
And they and the birds and the waters
Sing, and laugh, and rejoice together.
Oh! blithe the hours and bright the flowers
In Infancy's sunshine glancing;
The heavens are gay when we live but to play,
And the days in a whirl are dancing.

II.

A youth and maid, in the deep noonday,
Among the roses of June astray,
All in the heart of the rich, warm weather;
While the full stream murmurs their steps beside,
And they and the birds and the waters
Love, and dream, and sing low together.
Oh! soft the time of the Summer's prime,
When beauty and youth are glowing;
Bright the heavens above when we live but to love,
And the weeks in a dream are flowing.

III.

A man and woman, at set of sun,
Move, hand in hand, through the woodland's dun,
All in the depths of the golden weather;
While the river rolls through the glooming land,
And they and the birds and the waters grand
Droop, and sigh, and complain together.
Oh! sad the ways of our latter days
When the Autumn of life blows keenly;
The skies are o'ercast when we live in the past,
And the months move on serenely.

IV.

Two quiet graves, in the still night-tide,
By the wintry sea rest side by side,
All in the hush of the snowy weather;
While shoreless away sweeps the darkening mere,
And they and the birds and the waters drear
Repose at last, and are mute together.
Oh! happy and blessed the solemn rest
When, at last, from the world we sever;
It is but a deep, an eternal sleep,
And the years roll on for ever.

M. D. U.

WHEN once a concealment or deceit has been practised in matters where all should be fair and open as the day, confidence can never be restored, any more than you can restore the white bloom to the grape or plum that you have once pressed to your hand.

How often do we try, and persevere in trying, to make a neat show of outer good qualities, without anything within to correspond, just like children who plant blossoms without any roots in the ground, to make a pretty show for the hour. We find fault in our lives, and we cut off the weed, but we do not root it up; we find something wanting in ourselves, and we supply it, not by sowing the divine seed of heavenly principle, but by copying the deeds that the principle ought to produce.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

AFTER a run of French drama with Dumas's "Etranger," the Haymarket management has given its audience a treat in the revival of the hoisterous fun of O'Keefe's comedy "Wild Oats." There is a picturesque freshness in the old-fashioned scenes of the English comedy which tastes agreeably and has a

natural flavour after the heated, highly-spiced and artificial situations and dialogue of the French play. "Wild Oats" was last played at the Royalty three seasons ago, when Miss Henrietta Hodson pleasantly personated the Quakeress, Lady Amaranth; and no doubt her success on that evening has led to its revival at the Haymarket. Mr. Charles Harcourt was the voluble and versatile Rover; and Mr. Howe gave a vigorous portrait of Sir George Thunder. Mr. Clarke's Ephraim Smith was a most amusingly contemptible life sketch of a puritanical hypocrite. Miss Marie Harris, Mr. Brand, and Mr. Kyrie supported the minor characters. "Wild Oats" has drawn good houses, as it deserves to do.

THE GRECIAN.

"QUEEN'S EVIDENCE," the joint production of Messrs. George Conquest and H. Pettit, now successfully performing at this theatre, is an effective drama of striking situation and enthralling incident. The interest is sustained until the fall of the curtain, and the artistic mounting and vigorous acting of the play conduce to its deserved hold on the public mind. Mr. Conquest's Jew is admirably mirth-provoking, and the child's part by Miss Amy Conquest shows hereditary stage-talent of an exceptional order. Messrs. James and Sennett and Messrs. James Miller and Victor deserve praise in the minor parts.

THE rollicking buffoonery of "Nemesia," which had so long a run at the Strand, is again, in its revival, crowding the little theatre.

The Lyceum closed on Saturday, after an exceptionally short season, with Mr. Robert Buchanan's dramatic coup d'essai, "Corinne."

It is reported that the Marylebone Theatre has been "rented" for "religious services," and that these will replace the pantomime at Christmas.

A burlesque of Verdi's "Aida," entitled "Oh, Aida; or, a game at Pyramids," is the novelty at the Strand.

The "New Magdalen" displayed Mrs. Wilkie Collins as "Miss Gwilt" at the Globe for three nights, the first night being the benefit of Miss Ada Cavendish, who terminated her engagement on Saturday night.

The Old Italian Opera House, Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket, is at last advertised to be sold by public auction, or by private contract.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.

THE great July Rose Show, postponed on account of the backward season for roses, was a grand success. There were 250 entries of roses in the 26 classes, and the display, which was in the great concert hall, was magnificent, all the great growers and leading amateurs being represented. Messrs. Paul and Son, of Cheshunt, asserted their supremacy by winning the first grand prize for 72 distinct blooms. The next prize, however, was taken by Mr. Cant, of Colchester, who was also successful in three other classes. Mr. Charles Turner won five first prizes, and Messrs. Paul and Son, besides the premier prize, took first in three other classes. The amateur growers were especially strong, and the special varieties, which were massed together, contained some glorious flowers. The Alfred Colombas and Marie Blumans, Duke of Edinburghs, Marshal Niels, and Prince Beatrices, deserve especial commendation. The collections of dwarf roses in pots, from Messrs. Paul and Son, were eminently beautiful.

BROCKMANN'S circus, with the trained monkeys, elephants, ponies and dogs, continues its attraction. The Baden-Baden concerts, which are given in the illuminated grove, are truly admirable, both for the selection of the music and the vocal pieces, which are executed with an artistic ensemble and taste rarely found at all fresco entertainments. Another most attractive feature has been added in the Evening Promenade Concerts, of which the first took place on Tuesday the 11th, being attended by 6,000 spectators. Mlle. Rizzarelli, Madame Demerle Lablache, Signor Rona, and Paladini sang selections from Il Trovatore to a splendid orchestra conducted by Mr. Weist Hill. Our readers will regret to hear that Sir Edward Lee, whose managerial enterprise, talent, and general urbanity have won for him "golden opinions from all sorts of men," is about to retire from the onerous post which he has held through a period of unparalleled difficulty. He has accepted the appointment of director of Manley Hall, Manchester. A writer in the "Whitehall Review" says, respecting this change:—"When a body of capitalists have been fortunate enough to get hold of a gentleman to manage their property, they do not appreciate him, which perhaps is their misfortune rather than their fault. Anyhow, Sir Edward Lee has resolved upon removing to Manchester, and when he goes all manner of good wishes will go with him."



[MADAME TAKES HER FEE.]

VINCENT LUTTREL;

OR,

FRIENDSHIP BETRAYED.

By the Author of "Fighting for Freedom," etc. etc.

CHAPTER XXX.

L'HOMME propose, le Dieu dispose, so once again the evil designs of the wicked man miscarried, and his cruel devices were brought to nought by what seemed to the ordinary observer the merest chance.

We have mentioned the loquacious ouvrier whose acquaintance Mr. Straps had made on his first journey in search of the slippery M. Lamont.

This thoroughbred Parisian escamoteur, though as lazy a "loafer" as even a Yankee seaboard-city could produce among its mixed herd of immigrants, had, as most of his tribe have, a trade or calling. His was a profitable one, too, when he chose to follow it, for he was clever at modelling those little figures and groups which are first cast in lead hardened with antimony, then electroded in bronze, and are known as "articles de Paris." Tobacco stoppers, imitative of solid bronze, presenting either a caricature or a faithful likeness of the reigning sovereign, be he emperor, king, or president; of the popular leader of the opposition, of the pretender to the throne, of the acclaimed stage favourite, or most notorious demirep, in fact the effigies of the celebrity of the hour, commanded a ready sale among the Bohemians of the French capital.

Mr. Straps' friend had just been peculiarly felicitous in producing two of these little figures, one representing Henri Rochefort, of "La Lanterne," the other Mlle. Cora Pearl, as she appeared at the Porte St. Martin, in a dress so marvellously décolleté as to draw down the condemnation of the not over-fastidious Parisian censorship.

These two statuettes were at this moment a furore among the students and fast young men of Paris, and, as they fetched a high price, our ouvrier was, as he said, "coining money" at the dancing salons, and in the Quartier Latin, where he had his abode.

As Jacques Simon was "un bon enfant," he had the entree of Mother Gambard's, and was not unfrequently a customer at Tourlourou's.

He was so on the very afternoon when that personage made his circuitous journey to the lodging-house where Fitzgerald lay perdu.

The fellow had told Straps and his master some wonderful story of his adventures and the artful dodges he had put in practice in his search, most of which would have succeeded "if" something had not happened.

Jacques Simon had just received from Jasper Dorrigton a very consolatory pecuniary reward to soften his disappointment, with renewed promises in the event of success, and it was this reward, in addition to his luck with the tobacco-stoppers, which the thirsty ouvrier resolved should go to liquidate a score which had for some weeks been chalked on Madame Tourlourou's black-board, and he further expended in such drinkables and eatables as his taste and means would procure.

Jacques Simon was in high favour as he said, on coquetry, when Tourlourou returned from his mission. He had squared accounts with the formidable landlady and had ordered a pint of white beer, and this, with a salad and crab, the ouvrier was devouring when Tourlourou, who had delivered his message to Luttrell in the private parlour, joined the company in the drinking-room.

"Ha! Jacques Louche," cried Tourlourou—we had forgotten to mention that Jacques Simon was afflicted with a squint—"it's good for a man with straight eyes to see you. Where have you been hiding yourself, my hero of the Column. I've not seen you for a decade."

The allusion to Jacques Simon's exploits in a barricade fight near the Place Vendôme quite balanced the personality of the "Squint-eyed Jack," with which the landlord first saluted him.

"Take an absinthe, Tourlourou," said the ouvrier, "and I'll play you at domino where you shall pay for it."

"What? play for liquor in one's own house? It's against the gospel, Jacques; but I'll drink an absinthe at your expense, to show I have no malice." And Tourlourou laughed at his own joke.

"Sit yourself down here, I say," went on the ouvrier. "I've something to tell you."

Tourlourou did so, at the same time pointing his thumb over his shoulder towards the glazed partition which separated the parlour from the common room, he whispered:

"All rubbed off there?"

Jacques Simon grinned, rolled one eye on its axis, and squinted more brightly than ever, then he

drew a small red canvas bag from under his blouse and clinked it on the table.

Tourlourou smiled.

"Six sous," said he.

Jacques put the coins in his hand, and Tourlourou went to the bar and, handing the money to maîtresse, drew himself a double quantity of absinthe, as his spouse at the instant turned her head to answer a customer.

"And now for your adventures, Jacques," said Tourlourou, seating himself. "They said all sorts of things about you while you were away. The general thing was that you were occupying apartments in the Hotel de Grille; some said it was on suspicion of debt, but no one asserted it was for loyalty to the Empire. Ha! ha!"

"Much obliged to kind friends for their inquiries, also their good opinion, but I've been engaged in a most important investigation, no less than an endeavour to discover a witness in a great trial in England of a claim to a thousand millions of money and immense estates, which cannot be settled without this witness. The English Minister of Police is now in Paris about the business, and I see him every day. We are quite familiar, I can tell you. 'Jacques,' says he to me only yesterday, 'we all rely on your superior sagacity and knowledge of Paris for this discovery. What we should have done without your intimate local acquaintance with the city I really don't know—'"

"And the English Minister of Police said this to Jacques—ha! ha! ha!" laughed Tourlourou, "does the English minister squint also! ha! ha! ha! Why, you gobemouche, there's no English Minister of Police at all: and if there was he's not a thief-catcher." Tourlourou's knowledge of England was acquired by his being engaged in smuggling for a time, and by having had the misfortune of a trial, a conviction, and an imprisonment in an English gaol.

Jacques Simon would have struck Tourlourou, but that he was afraid, so he pocketed the affront, and again pulled out the little canvas bag. The sight checked Tourlourou's insulting horse-laugh.

"Excuse me, friend Jacques, I cried out, because I thought I saw the wolf—I was not laughing at you. Ahem! you're well breeched, I see, my child, and I am always respectful, I hope I know how to be so, to customers who can and will pay. Allons, mon enfant, another mug of white beer?"

"No; black Bauerische," said the ouvrier, half sulkily, "it is fuller in the mouth."

This time the liquor was brought and the money taken by madame.

"Coquin!" said she, addressing Tourlourou, "why are you making the house disorderly by your loud laughing? I thought some hyena had broke loose from the Plantes. Pretty order I can keep, when the proprietor, as he calls himself, makes noise enough to wake the dead."

"It was Jacques' fault, here. He told me he was in daily communication with the English Minister of Justice."

"And why should he not, jackanapes?"

"A beau maitre qui vient de loin, madame," said the courier, politely. "I only remarked that the Minister of Police, not the Minister of Justice, was my friend."

"And you, inasmuch as you are a good customer in that boisterous way because he is honoured by the conversation of people that would not know such a scelerat as yourself? And what, good Mr. Jacques Simon, did the English minister say to you?"

"He said, madame, he had the highest consideration for my ability, and would well reward my services if I succeeded in discovering the important witness I was speaking of just now when Monsieur Tourlourou, as you heard, exploded with laughter."

"Never mind him, Monsieur Jacques, he'll not burst with laughter while I'm here, I'll warrant." And truly Tumpy Tourlourou's face gave evidence of the fact.

"Go on with your story, please."

"Well, you see, madame, being engaged in this great inquiry, I have really not had time or opportunity before to-day, much as I desired it, to look in on my old friends and settle my little account—but let that pass. The minister said to me, 'Do not waste any expense or trouble in finding out this Monsieur Lamont, for millions of money, and the right heir to the estate Disbarn hang entirely upon discovering him.'"

"Did I hear you right? Did you say Monsieur Lamont?"

"Yes, he's the English Captain, as they used to call him. He that raked up the ball metal at the rue St. Landry. There's a rare coil to find him, and the man's fortune made who will give tidings of his whereabouts."

"Tiers!" exclaimed madame. "Hold your tongue, you blundering ass! See what you've done to sell the secret to that sham nephew for a light Napoleon," and she drew out the coin from her pouch and looked at it closely. "Sweetened by the Jews, I declare, and I dare say ever so many souls light. And for this scurvy coin you've sold the paws to a mouchard who will get thousands of francs for the discovery! You're an honest man, a good child, a true Frenchman, and here's a London mouchard—now I remember he said he was English—and this, not this dot, this plat, has been fooled by an Englishman! Ah, poison d'Avril, I must see to everything or all goes wrong. Yes, Monsieur Simon, I will follow you to see and give information to the Minister of Justice. I will denounce to him the missing witness; and we two will share the reward."

The courier seemed as if this rapid speech had taken away his breath. He had by his gurgling and self-consequence, delivered himself bound hand and foot into the hands of the resolute landlady.

"But, madame," he stammered, his magpie chatter utterly deserting him, "you see, madame, the minister, that is—"

"Oh, nonsense; either you have been remanded, and this law case is all sham, and there is no minister in the business at all—in which case it won't be lucky for you to show your face here again—or you are the taller of truth. I can disclose the hiding-place of Monsieur Lamont, if there are proper persons from England who seek him. If not, they shall not find him. Lead, the way, monsieur," said madame, gathering up the bottles, glasses, plates and dishes. "I'm ready, Tourlourou, you must mind the place, and keep sober, do you hear me, convict, until my return."

Jacques Simon did not dare to utter another objection. Madame twisted a bright red and yellow cotton kerchief round her head after the fashion of the pays de Caiz, of which she was a native, donned a very "lond" shawl with scarlet and yellow stripes, and drawing her bright blue petticoats through her pocket-hole, displayed her neat buckled shoes and handsome legs to the admiration of all with a taste for robust and fully developed symmetry.

"Allons! marchons!" she repeated; and Jacques Simon, though he had shot a royalist general, and it was said, bayoneted two royalist regiments during the last barricade, "fall in," at the word of command with submissive discipline.

"Is it far," inquired madame, "to the hotel?"

"It is the Hotel de Louvre."

"Good! You will accompany me. What name am I to ask for?"

"I had better first see the attendant, Monsieur

Estrapes. He will introduce us to Milord Sir Dorrington and the Minister of Inspection, Foxcraft."

"At your pleasure, Monsieur Jacques. You understand the English etiquette better than I do."

Arrived at the hotel, Jacques Simon soon found Mr. Estrapes, to whom, without beating about the bush, Madame Tourlourou announced her business. She had come, she said, to give the necessary information about her friend and acquaintance Monsieur Lamont, provided always that those who wished to find him had no evil intentions towards him. Mr. Estrapes hastened to his master with the glad tidings, that the courier had brought with him a woman who would supply the desired information.

Fortunately, for Jacques Simon's reputation with Madame Tourlourou, Inspector Foxcraft was absent, having left for London that day. Mr. Estrapes, therefore, unaided madame and the courier, into the presence of Jasper Dorrington, remaining in the same room during the interview by the permission of his master.

The explanation is already known to the reader, and it was arranged that Jasper Dorrington and Mr. Estrapes should, next morning, meet the courier at Monsieur Lamont's apartment, and thence be taken to the bedside of the wounded Captain Fitzgerald. This madame boldly agreed to do. Thereupon Jasper Dorrington, making his secretary, presented that lady with ten Napoleons, as a token of his liberal intentions, and she should complete the discovery. To Jacques Simon he gave another five.

That night, Tourlourou, inspired by the arguments of his uncle, and fortified by the superior subtlety and general energy of Madame Tourlourou, whose contract of her sharp wit and penetration in getting Tourlourou as a companion with poor Tumpou's "tail" was also called in for a reward. "Napoleon" was placed before him, in every point of view, and was desired. Then madame, having made her name got up to go to the servant and go to sleep, and until ten o'clock brought the appointed time for Jasper and Estrapes to be introduced to the object of their long and anxious search.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A FEARFUL storm of lightning and thunder, wind and rain, a tempest and deluge combined, burst that night over Paris. Unfinished buildings with their scaffolding (for the city was then in full process of Hausmannisation by the Imperial Adèle) were blown down, trees in the Bois de Boulogne, the Jardin des Plantes, and on the older Boulevard were splintered or overthrown. Stacks of chimneys and roofs were laid in ruins or carried off, and the foul-smelling gutters of the Cité ran reeking with black peatleace into the swollen channels of the filthy Seine, which rushed like a gorge sewer downwards with its muddy stream in tenfold volume, flooding the wood-yards and sweeping away a million impurities from the usually ill-drained metropolis.

Those who have seen a night storm in Paris may realise the creaking and rattling of casements (in the old houses a French window was never air-tight), the thousand and one dreadful noises of loose doors, shutters, and gates; they were simply indescribable. In the middle of this elemental hurly-burly, a sleepless man stood at an open casement on a third floor, gazing out into the darkness which was over and anon alternated with the almost blinding steel-blue glare of the lightning, succeeded, at a short interval, by an explosion louder than artillery, and rolling away in reverberations that seemed to shake the hollow earth and echo through the labyrinth of casements on which the gay dwellings of the living are built.

The man was Vincent Luttrell. The suspense and forced inaction were to his restless spirit torture. All night he paced his chamber, and at each recurring streak of electric light he looked forth into the east and knitted his brows, as if cursing the slow approach of day.

At length the violence of the storm abated, the scattered clouds flew in torn and stranky fragments before the wind. There was a bright golden streak on the horizon.

And lo! the Morn in russet mantle clad, Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill, calling forth the rustic labourer to his toil, and awakening the melody of birds, the low of kine, the hum of bees, and sending up the incense of fragrant flower and the fresh savour of herb, grass, fruit and tree to salute the Giver of all this beauty, health, wealth and enjoyment to man.

Alas! none of this was seen, felt, enjoyed, or even understood by Vincent Luttrell.

His whole soul was bent upon the execution of his murderous design, and he hailed the smiling morn-

merely as the means of effecting his fell purpose.

Once again examining his case and its deadly contents, he appalled himself, this time adding a large travelling-cloak of waterproof material. Carrying a small valise, he descended the stairs softly and left the house.

In half an hour he was in front of the cabaret of Tourlourou.

That very dingy establishment, among its other uses, served as an early breakfast house for a few low labourers of the quartier, and soon after Luttrell's arrival was opened by a yawning, unkempt, unwashed poshoy, who proceeded to boil a large copper cylinder by aid of sundry sticks of wood. In this vessel an atrocious decoction of chicory and scorched rye supplied the place and usurped the name of coffee with the frequenters of the dingy establishment.

Vincent Luttrell looked in, but "the proprietor," so said the waiter in reply to his inquiry, "was not yet stirring." Luttrell took a turn on the Quai, and noted the ravages of last night's storm.

On his return he found Tourlourou, who had turned out of his glassy bed at the first streak of day, looking sad and to rack from the fatigue of her playful and vain lecture. He was fast asleep on a sofa in the smoking-room, but after some trouble, Luttrell succeeded in making him sensible of the errand of his visitor, and of his promise of the day before to conduct him to the abode of his so-called "uncle."

Tourlourou, affected with extreme stupidity of consciousness that Luttrell felt convinced he was being imposed upon, and rightly guessing that as the interest must be at the bottom of this to him, and alarm, he was, he went straight at his point.

"My good friend, I see plainly, so it is no use facing the question, that some one has been persuading you that I am not the nephew of M. Lamont, or rather the captain, and that I do not mean him well. Take this card with you, on which I shall write my name. Get yourself speech with my uncle, and you will find the truth of my assertion. Here is the reward, twenty golden Napoleons, which I will put into your hand the moment I see my uncle. Do you comprehend?"

Tourlourou did comprehend. He also comprehended how triumphantly he should turn the tables on his virulent conjuror, and how he should show that triumphant virago that he was not the dot she declared him to be, besides this there was a mine of wealth he had within his grasp.

What if he should lose the chance by delay? He would take the risk, and, without loss of time, lead this affectionate nephew to his relative, pocket the twenty "Naps," and leave the rest to luck.

"Monsieur," he said; "you are right, they have made a fool of me, but I now see my mistake. They've been trying to persuade me that—excuse me for the word—that you were a mouchard, but I didn't believe them. You're uncle is not twenty yards from this spot. I will lead you to the house, point out your room, always, conditioned that you give me the promised gold, and then I have fulfilled my part of the bargain."

"Lead the way, then; the reward is ready."

Twenty paces, and Tourlourou stopped before Mother Camard's lodging-house.

There is nobody stirring yet, and it's doubtful if there will be for an hour or two," said Tourlourou. "But this is the crib, and your uncle's room is up a broad step-ladder, in the back yard, which you reach by the passage through the house."

"Is there no means of arousing them, or of gaining admittance?"

"The first is very doubtful, for mother don't go to sleep till morning, and then, I should say, pretty tight. But I know how to open the door without waking her, as I've done many a time. Ah, here's the cord," and Tourlourou laid hold of a knot close to the doorpost, and invisible to all but those who knew where to feel for it. He pulled it, and the heavy old black door yielded to his hand.

A foul smell of rum, bad cigars, and some yet worse odours came from the dark, close passage.

"Keep close to me, friend," whispered Tourlourou entering, "take care; one step down."

They passed along the passage; Tourlourou lifted the latch of the back-door and they emerged into daylight. They were at the foot of a broad step-ladder with a hand-rail, ascending to the upper-floor of what might have been a glazed workshop, but was now a sleeping-room or sleeping-rooms; the windows for the most part covered with discoloured paper, or filled with board to supply the place of the broken glass.

Up this rickety stair Tourlourou preceded Luttrell, and when they had reached the top he tried the handle of the door—it was locked.

Luttrell looked disappointed; but his guide laughed, and winking his eye peeped in at two or

three cracks in order to gain a view of the interior. "The old gentleman's as fast as a top," said Tourlourou, "but I'll soon get at him."

Thrusting his hand through a large square of paper the man next put in his head at the aperture. "Hist! hi! Monsieur Lamont!—don't alarm yourself—It's I, Tourlourou, and your nephew, come to see you."

"Tourlourou? what in the name of diabolus has brought you here at this hour of the morning?" said a hoarse voice.

"It's your nephew, I tell you, whose card Mother Gambard brought to you yesterday. Open the door!"

"That's very easily said, good Tourlourou, but not so easily done. Mother Gambard makes me safe, as she calls it, by keeping the key in her pocket; and looking me in every night, so you must ask her for the blacksmith's daughter, good Tourlourou."

"I'd as soon try to get a lamb out of a wolf's jaws as try to get anything out of Mother Gambard's pocket at this hour of the morning. But she'll let you have it, sir, no doubt, in an hour or so, when she gets up."

Intrel muttered an oath, then, taking his turn at the hole made by Tourlourou, he appealed to Fitzgerald.

"Ah, my good uncle, said he, cheerily. "How it delights me to find you are so much better than they reported. I bring you release, liberty, and good news. You are wanted in England as witness in a great trial, and your fortune will be made. All honour to our trusty friend Tourlourou, without whom I should never have discovered you."

"This was spoken in French, said Tourlourou de- voured every word.

"Aha!" thought he, "I am right after all. How I'll crow over my suspicious wife! Monsieur, have I earned my reward?"

"You have, my brave fellow; and now it only remains to get me the key."

"I will get you a picklock that will open that poor fastening in no time, but as to the key, that is another matter."

"Make haste, then," said Intrel, impatiently.

"Open the door and you shall have the gold."

"I fly, monsieur," said Tourlourou, and departed in search of the instrument.

He was gone some half an hour, which to Intrel seemed an age, and when he returned the look proved both strong and of a peculiar construction, so that another quarter of an hour was consumed before Intrel gained admittance and seated himself by the side of Fitzgerald's bed.

He now hastened to get rid of Tourlourou. "Here are the Naps," said he, counting the gold into his hand, "and do not forget to give my best respects to madame, and tell her I forgive her for her unjust suspicions against me. An revoir!"

Tourlourou lost no time in returning home, but he found during his absence that his better half had arisen, and as might be supposed, had become furiously enraged at his having left the house and her interests to take care of themselves.

"Ah! cousin, can you never be left in charge of the place for a moment but you run away from your post? Malicious renegade, were you not branded with D for your desertion, and it has done you no good? Beaten that you are, how many respectable women like myself came to marry such an object, I cannot tell. Here will be the great English milord, and the minister, and the secretaries, and I don't know who, to meet me here presently, and no place to receive them—"

"A lantern with your great English milord, and the minister, and their secretaries, and all the rest of them! And for your shabby patrons! A has milord and ten wives for the nephew of his uncle who carries a bagful of golden portraits of his father, nephew of his uncle, and is worth a thousand of the original himself. See here, see here!" and Tourlourou, drawing forth a leather money-bag, swung it round his head, and then chinked it in the palm of his left hand.

"How many are there, good Tourlourou?" asked madame, eagerly.

"Just as many, again as half, my love," replied the radiant Tourlourou. "See what the cousin, the scelerat, the forest, the deserter, the lar-r-on, has been earning while his belle épouse has been anoring and dreaming of the English milord, and the minister, who may not come after all, and if they do won't bring the shiners. 'Tis the early bird that picks up the worm, my angel, and talking of birds, my pretty wagtail, one of those shifty songsters in the hand is worth two in the bush!" and off dashed Tourlourou with a well known ballad of Beranger's "The Acrobat."

Oh! I was born an acrobat, My start in life was somewhat humble; My father cried, "Come out of that!" And kicked me out of doors—to tumble.

"A supple back," says he "you've got, And in your face of brass a lot; Mind when you jump, and watch the hat, You'll prosper as an acrobat."

I tumbled through the world a space, When a rich nobleman employed me; In a lamented poodle's place, The pay and prog both overjoyed me. The dog, it seemed, had tumbled well, But my flip-flops bore off the bell; Mind how you jump, and watch the hat, To prosper as an acrobat.

His lordship fed me on the best, When suddenly it chanced they proved him An interloper in the nest; Out for the rightful heir, they shoved him. Hele him go, the Lord knows where! And tumbled for the rightful heir; Mind when you jump, and watch the hat, To prosper as an acrobat.

Scarce was the new one in, when back The old one came. I didn't grumble; I, who believe in grub and sack, Once more before his lordship tumbled. But lo! again they places change; Whom heaven supports I won't derange; So mind when you jump, and watch the hat, You'll prosper as an acrobat.

So reign who will I'll tumble still: To forfeit one's employ were folly; I'll twist and turn, and eat and swill, And lead a life most awful jolly; Since folks who jump and turn them round, More great than I elsewhere abound; I'll leap my best, and watch the hat, And prosper as an acrobat.

As this merry political satire was capitally sung in an excellent voice, and with natural comic humour, madame did not even care to interrupt the singer. Indeed Tourlourou's talent in this line was one of the attractions of his cabaret; and it was by his singing of "The Fifth of May," and "Way for the Marquis de Carabas," at a guinguette in the banlieux, that he had won the formidable madame Henriot as a wife. That lady, as a representative poissarde, might have made pale Madame Angot, and at the conclusion of the lay of "The Little Red Man," she declared aloud her intention of marrying the singer, as none but a bon enfant could deliver such a ballad with such élan. She kept her word, and thus Tourlourou was married, bon gré mal gré, to the much admired Therese, first dame de Halle.

The reader must excuse this digression for the sake of the typical Parisienne, to whom the Londoner has been chiefly introduced through the music of Offenbach and his imitators in opera bouffe.

But Tourlourou had other listeners besides his wife and the two or three early customers of the wine-shop.

Three strangers had entered and ranged themselves behind Madame Tourlourou, and as her husband cut his last paper and gave his last jump in the "break-down," a ringing "bravo! bravo!" came from one of them.

It was Jasper Dorrington, who with Inspector Foxcraft, attended by Mr. Straps, had been added to the appreciative audience.

"Ah! messieurs! ten thousand pardons. This buffon here has been amusing us after his fashion, which I hope you'll excuse; but when he begins there's no stopping him!"

"Indeed, madame," said Jasper Dorrington, politely, "there can be no need to apologise for such a clever comedian as Monsieur Tourlourou. I had no idea of his great talent, or I assure you I should have asked him for one of his chaussons before I left this company last evening."

"You do me honour, milord," said Tourlourou, making a military salute.

"Tourlourou," said madame, with a wink at her spouse, "I want one word with you before you conduct these gentlemen to M. Lamont. One minute of a little private business, milord," said Therese, addressing Jasper Dorrington and his friend, "and we await your service." And she led the way into the little glassed harbour, Tourlourou following.

"More grist to the mill," said that personage gleefully.

"Of course, we are in luck's way, Tourlourou. But we must not show away fortune's favours. We are both growing older, Tourlourou, especially your-

self from the loose life you've led, and we must save money for a rainy day or a revolution. Give me the bag, good Tourlourou, make haste that milord may not suspect us—quick!"

Tourlourou drew the bag forth, but held it back as madame tried to clutch it.

"I have my club to pay, and a contribution to the 'Marianne,' and a subscription for the deported Communists; so I shall take two pieces for my petits soins."

"One Napoleon is enough, surely?"

Tourlourou did not seem to hear, he pocketed two gold pieces, and handed the rest to madame, who took them quietly and locked the bag in a small old-fashioned armoire.

"Step down to Mother Gambard's, ma chère," suggested Tourlourou, "and start off the nephew before I conduct milord and his friends to this wonderful old golden goose—who'd have thought that seedy old joneur would have laid such eggs? I'll keep these people amused until you return and report the coast clear."

"Good, the idea does you credit, Tourlourou, and is worthy of myself. Of course they will drink wine while I'm gone."

She stepped out of the little parlour, followed by Tourlourou.

"Gentlemen, I must crave your indulgence a few moments. The person you seek is under the care of medical attendants, and I must get a written order to admit you to his bedside, for he is there confined. Tourlourou, you will sing these gentlemen another of your ditties to beguile the short time I shall be absent. Adieu for the present, milord and messieurs, au revoir toute suite," and away sailed Madame Tourlourou.

"Milord, you have overwhelmed me with your praises; can I bring you anything while madame is on her journey?"

"Yes, a bottle of the best Burgundy, which you must help us to drink, mine host; and if you'll flavour the wine with one of your songs, it will make the time fly pleasantly."

"Willingly!" and Tourlourou calling his assistant the wine and glasses were placed on the table and Straps was called to wait upon the three, Tourlourou being voted into the chair at the head of the table.

"Would you like a song of the revolution—I mean the first and real one; or of the Empire—the first and real one too, or of the Restoration, or—"

"Of any or of all, friend Tourlourou," interposed Jasper Dorrington, "with such a voice as yours all songs are good."

"Ventre gris, but I believe so," replied Tourlourou, "well, here goes one of the whole of them," and off he trotted the song we have already spoken of—

"THE LITTLE RED MAN OF THE TILE KILNS."

I wish I may never move
If I haven't worked as chawman here
Forty years and above,
In the Tuilleries' Palace year after year;
And here—for my sins, no doubt—
I've been terribly put about;
In the hole where I snooze whenever I can,
By a visit at night from the LITTLE RED
MAN!
Ye saints in Heaven who sing,
Pray for our blessed King.

Just imagine, my dears,
A little lane devil all dressed in red,
A hump right up to his ears,
A horrible squint and a curdrotty head,
A nose so hooked and long,
A foot with a double prong,
And a voice—Lord save us!—whenever it
croaks,
It's a notice to quit to the Tuilleries' folks;
Ye saints in Heaven who sing,
Pray for our blessed King.

Tourlourou here tossed off a bumper of the red wine, and said, in a dry, comic tone:
"We'll begin with the '92, with your permission, messieurs."

I saw him—I mind it well—
In the terrible year of ninety-two;
Nobles and Primes all fell
From our excellent King—'twas a sad-to-do!
Then he came in a blouse,
Red-cap and wood-shoes;
I was dozing away by the chimney-blaze,
When he came in and croaked the 'Marsail-
laise';
Ye saints in Heaven who sing,
Pray for our blessed King.

"The next time, as the old woman tells us, she saw him was on the 9th Thermidor, gentlemen."

I was scrubbing away
When he popped up the gutter, my wits to
scare;

He had business that day
With the excellent citizen Robespierre;
Oh! he was powdered fine,
And talked like a divine;
And (as if at himself) with a laugh so prim,
To the "Supreme Being" went humming a hymn.
Ye saints in Heaven who sing,
Pray for our blessed King.

"In March, 1814, he paid the old charwoman
another visit, you see."

I'd forgotten him quite,
The TERROR had driven him out of my
head;
When he popped in one night;
"Of the excellent Emperor doomed?" I said;
Of enemies plumes a crowd
He wore in a toque so proud;
And sang to a vive—I mind it well—
"Vive Henri Quatre" and "La Belle Gabrielle."
Saints in Heaven who sing,
Pray for our blessed King.

"What happened to the good Bourbon you shall
hear another time. So,"

Now, listen, my dears, and try
To keep it a secret, if keep it you can;
'Tis but three nights gone by
That a visit I've had from the LITTLE RED
MAN;
He goes laughing and rubbing his palms,
Chanting cathedral psalms;
He touches the earth with his forehead and nose,
Then puts on a Jesuit's hat, and—goes!
Saints in Heaven who sing,
Pray for our blessed King.

"For the love of heaven, make haste! Not a
moment's delay, for your lives! Follow me you that
are men!"

It was the voice of Thérèse Tourlourou.
The three men started to their feet.
"Follow me," repeated the woman, and all four did
so.

Jasper Dorrington and Foxcraft, with Tourlourou
and Straps in close attendance, keeping at the heels
of their courageous conductress.

(To be Continued.)

MR. F. CAVILL'S GREAT SWIM.

MR. CAVILL is a stoutly-built, dark, broad Toun-
tonic-fac'd man, 5ft. 8½ in. high, and 39 years of age.
His black hair, beard, and moustaches are kept close
trimm'd, and he seems to have a somewhat stern
expression gleaming from his beetle-browed eyes.
Indeed, as he stood in *cuirasso* in the fore-castle rub-
bing himself, and then the tight fitting, short-armed flannel,
and small pink-striped lion cloth, well over
with yellow, and (pace practical naturalists) very
ancient and fish-like smelling porpoise oil, he
wonderfully resembled that stout gladiator one sees
now in every shop window, standing in the midst of
the arena, his foot on his fallen adversary, and look-
ing hard through his visor at the Emperor for the
signal of the inverted thumb—only Mr. C. had
neither helmet, nor sword, nor indeed any other
foreign appendages.

Cavill struck out at once with a right-side stroke, pas-
sing Traitor's Gate at 2.46.15, therein spitting lightly,
the sky very dull, and the billiard-marker, with the
water at every stroke rippling half up his face,
dropping behind. The little boys, of course, were
taken in again immediately. The London Dock en-
trance was passed at 3 p.m., with billiard-marker
forty yards astern; Tunnel Pier at 3.45. Here
Cavill indulged in a few overhead racing strokes,
and puffed like a grampus. Shadwell Dock entrance
was passed at 3.12, and sheering over towards the
other shore, Cavill, for a time, indulged in the breast
stroke, and passed Lavender Dock Wharf at 3.22.
The two swimmers, Cavill leading, and Sampson,
the billiard-marker, scowling cadaverously, as he
puffed through the spray, his back spotted like a
panther's with aloe, or something, and his locks
short, as somebody said, *perha*; s by some Delila, most
uncomfortably close—passed Millwall Dock at 3.38.
Along the northern shore. Cavill here took a few
breast strokes again, but not once did he change to
left side.

Penn's Yard was passed at 3.47, the sun shining
fiercely, and Cavill's face looking somewhat pale.
Here Sampson gave in, having, as he said, a "slight
touch of the cramp in the hocks," and was taken on
board a wherry. Cavill passed the Bellot monu-
ment, Greenwich, at 3.56, Cubit Town Pier at 4.7,
indulging in a few overhead racing strokes again to
cross the river.

Blackwall Point Dry Dock was passed at 4.19.
Cavill's dear old mother here looked anxiously at

him, and disclosed herself by saying, "Oh, do give
my poor son a cheer!" and we found the boat was
full of Cavilla—a pretty little girl frolicing in the
fore-castle, two fine little sailor boys capering about
the decks, and others, no doubt, elsewhere. Cavill,
still indulging in right-side strokes, passed Charlton
Pier at 4h. 51m., having, as the old lady said, twice
taken a little whisky since starting, and taking
some again at 4 h. 55m.

North Woolwich Gardens were reached at 5h.
4m. 45s., and the Gasworks passed at 5h. 23m., when
a couple of fresh swimmers leaped overboard from
the wherries, and for a while disported themselves,
amidst a perfect hurricane, a cyclone, in fact, of
chaff—passing round and round, from wherry to
steamer, without a word of ribaldry, but with occa-
sional flashes of wit that might even have begotten
some in Dr. Samuel Johnson—one rather original
compliment, we thought, being, "You would make
a good image for a black draught, you would!"
The Chemical Manure works being passed at 5h.
35m., when the wherry witty man hailed us with,
"How are you getting on, Augustus?" and compli-
ments were freely renewed on both sides, somebody
on the paddle-box being told "he looked like a
boiled boot." Cavill here took a few breast-strokes
again, likewise a teaspoonful of beef jelly, and some
ale.

The Halfway House was passed at 5h. 51m.—that
is, two and a quarter hours after leaving London-
bridge—and the Dagenham Dock board at 6 p.m.
The stench from the river here was, as usual, terrible,
and we far from envied poor Cavill, sniffing and
puffing away, as he was, with his nose in it, spurt-
ing forth the foul fluid in spray, and now looking as black
as a coal. Erith Pier, or, more correctly speaking, the
point opposite it, was passed at 6h. 45m.—i.e., 4h.
9m. from London. A remarkably handsome bargee
(ironically speaking), with a stubby, liquorish-look-
ing face, like that of Friar Tuck in the old vignette,
wherein he and the Black Knight are depicted
carousing, was here told that "he looked like one of
the Prince of Wales's Hingy hornim-nts, and that
they wouldn't keep him at the Zoo!" at which he
grinned with delight. The wonder was that Cavill
could keep countenance, but he turned a deaf ear to
all, and puffing away like a porpoise turned on his
right side. "The Duke of Connaught" here passed,
and saluted him with "Britannia rules the waves,"
from fife, fiddle, and drum. He passed Purfleet at
7.13, amidst cheers and much waving of cambric
from the crowded-from-stern-to-stern-with-people-re-
turning-from-Margate-saloon-boat "Alexandra," and
had a salute from the fog-whistle on board the
passing "Wansbeck." "Bravo, Freddy! Go it,
Cavill! Stick to it, old boy! Only two miles fur-
ther, the captain says," were the cries now ringing
in Cavill's ears, for the tide was very slack, and it
was doubtful whether he could go on. "Don't do
it, Fred, unless you like," floated in motherly tones
across the water however. "It's all very well,
muttered she, "to cry 'Bravo,' as cheers came
ringing from the boys crowding the nettings and
rigging of the old liner lying off there, and from
two little urchins perched on the fore and main
trucks, or, in the language of the poet, like little
Billicee "on the topmost tree!" at 7.30.

At 7.45 p.m. a mulberry-nosed inebriate, a perfect
study for a gargyle, left the steamer for a row in a
wherry, and was speeded with a perfect ovation—
the very welkin (and there were lots of welkin about)
ringing with cheers, chaff, and laughter—for he had
been very funny and amusing, and halted just short
of annoyance, all the way down, and had never been
offensive, however victimised he may have been.
Somebody remarked, however, that he ought to have
taken a few bottles of beer with him. "Bravo,
Cavill! Go it, Cavill! Stick to it, Cavill!" and a
perfect charivari of noises, now most unnecessarily
urged on the swimmer to persevere; his poor old
mother's anxiety being pleasingly painful to see.
"My poor head does ache so," said she. "I should
like him to do it, you know, if he wishes it; but I
shouldn't like Fred to hurt himself." Cavill seemed
to have some magnetic sympathy with her, for just
then, at 7.55, he did what she called a "little tum-
bling" for her amusement.

At 8.7 he did some breast strokes again, took fur-
ther refreshment, and then playfully pawed under
water a swimming companion, about a quarter-of-a-
mile above the beacon opposite Greenhithe.

At 8.22 he was in mid-stream, and full of vigour
apparently; but as the tide was then done, with no
chance whatever of his reaching the goal, at 8.26 he
had to give in just above the chalk-pit, after having
been five hours and 15 minutes in the water, and
swam according to a table carefully compiled from
measurements taken on the chart by Mr. J. G.
Smither, Temple S.B. Pier-master, twenty-one
nautical miles. His pulse, taken by Mr. T. A.
Turner, M.R.C.S., was beating eighty-five at the
start, and now beat sixty-five only. The refresh-

ment taken by him during the swim was in all about
three teaspoonfuls of whisky, four of beef-jelly, and
a pint of old ale.

OLD DUMPS.

THEY used to make fun of him at the office. He
was a queer old fellow, with a solemn face, and what
we thought ridiculously polite ways. He'd take off
his hat when he came in, and say:

"Good morning, gentlemen. I trust I see you all
in good health this fine day." And some of the boys
would nod—and some wouldn't do anything; but I
never could help standing up and bowing, perhaps
because I knew that my mother would have said I
ought to do it.

To be sure, he was only on salary like ourselves,
but had been at E—— & B——'s twenty-five
years, and young fellows had come and gone, and
there he was.

And, you see, it was gentlemanly of him, I said;
and if he was a little creature, with a queer little wig,
why, he looked something like a gentleman, too. I
said so once to Merrivale, next desk to mine; but—
well—I didn't try it again.

You see, Merrivale was up to everything, dressed
elegantly, sneered at everything almost, and I'd come
from a country town and he was a city man.

Nobody down on "Old Dumps" as he was, es-
pecially after he made us that speech about our con-
duct to the ladies.

Dumps made the speech you know; and it was
Merrivale who had said the lady only came in to look
at him.

I'm sure she really wanted to know the way to the
street she asked for; and how she coloured and hur-
ried out!

And Dumps, with his brown wig, looked to me like
the gentleman that day; and Merrivale, with his fine
curling hair and black moustache and broad shoulders
like a puppy.

"The man who calls a blush to the cheek of a
good woman by look or tone must have forgotten his
mother," said Old Dumps. "When that lady asked
you a civil question, she relied on her belief that you
were a gentleman, Mr. Merrivale. When you an-
swered her as you did, and spoke of her as you did,
anyone could read your insulting thoughts, Mr.
Merrivale; and you did not even rise from your seat,
sir. You proved that she was very much mis-
taken."

"Mean to say I am no gentleman?" said Merri-
vale.

"In this instance, sir," said Old Dumps, "you
certainly have not conducted yourself as one
should."

Merrivale pulled his coat half off, and pulled it
on again.

"Psha," said he; "he knows he's safe. There'd
be no fun in knocking down an old bag of bones like
that. I could do it with my little finger. But you
attend to your own business, will you, Old Dumps?
I can behave myself without your advice, and that
ain't the first woman that's come in just for a sort of
flirtation. I'm used to that sort of thing, I am."

"Mr. Dumps is right this time," said I.

"Bah!" said Merrivale. "You're from the
country."

"Thank Heaven for it, then, my young friend,"
said Dumps, and sat down.

After that, Merrivale was never even half way
civil to Dumps, and the boys followed Merrivale's
lead. But I liked the old fellow. When we met in
the street, I'd take off my hat and shake hands, and
say some of those polite things that mother used to
teach me to say. And I wrote of him to mother, and
she said she was glad that her boy knew what was
due to a good old gentleman. But, after all, in the
office, you know what the boys thought and said had
its influence.

Who were the boys? Why, there was Merrivale,
with his darling airs, and his way of letting you
know he was a favourite with the women.

And Carberry, who didn't care about style, but
knew the city.

And Stover, who used to come with red eyes and
head-aches, and boast that he'd been making a night
of it.

I was lonely enough in the great city, and I should
have liked to join company with Dumps and walk
home with him from church sometimes, but I was
afraid of meeting one of the boys, and I never did.
But I would bow to him, and we took our hats off
to each other always.

Sometimes, when I lived at Haredale with mother,
I've seen the sky beautiful and bright and blue one
hour, and the next black with the clouds of a
thunder-storm. Just that way my trouble came to

me—an awful trouble—such as I could not have dreamt of.

I had written to my mother that I was doing well and liked my business, and would be down to see her on Sunday, when I was sent for to go into the inner office; and there—I can't go through with it—I can't even remember details; but I was charged with being a thief.

You'd have to understand our particular business, as well as book-keeping, to know how I was supposed to have done it; but they believed I had robbed them of one hundred pounds.

They urged me to confess. I was innocent, and I said so. Then they told me that they did not wish to be hard on me. I was young. The city was a bad place for boys. They would be merciful, and only dismiss me. Only dismiss me without recommendation! All I could say had no effect. They proved me guilty before they accused me, they said; and at last I staggered out into the office. The boys were getting ready to go home. I saw they knew what had happened.

"None of you believed this of me," said I. "None of you who know me?"

And Merrivale said: "Look here, Forrester, you're very lucky to get off so."

And Carberry said: "Now come, we know too much to be fooled. It's always your sly boots of a good young man that does these sort of things."

And Grab said: "I say, Forrester, don't talk too much: you'll give yourself away."

And Stover said: "Oh, go take a glass of brandy and water, and don't go on like a girl about it."

And what with shame, and rage, and grief, I could have died; when out of his dusty corner came little Old Dumps, in his little saffron-coloured overcoat, and held out his hand.

"Mr. Forrester," he said, "I've watched you ever since you've been here. I know what you are. You are incapable of a dishonest act, and, what is more, I will prove it before I rest. The man who respects others always respects himself. The man who honours his mother will do no dishonourable thing."

He took my hand in his arm, and bowing to the others, walked out into the street with me. I heard Grab and Stover and Carberry laugh, but Merrivale gave us a furious look, and stood, white to the lips, looking after us.

"Mr. Dumps," said I, "I thank you for your confidence in me. I deserve it—in this, at least; but it saves my heart from breaking under this disgrace. How shall I tell my mother?"

"Don't tell her yet," said he. "Wait. Others shall think of you as I do soon."

Then we went on in silence. He took me to his own room, where he kept bachelor's hall. He made tea for me, and served me with sliced potting beef, and thin bread and butter.

The room was a strange, old-fashioned place, enough like a room in a story—and there was a miniature of a young lady in the costume of forty years before, on the wall over the mantel; and of book-shelves, old, calf-bound volumes—Fielding's *Amelia*, Thaddeus of Warsaw, Evelina—I can't tell you all of them; and on a stand near the fire, the prayer-book, with the book-mark hanging from it.

And it was not until we had done tea that he said to me very apologetically, after I had called him Mr. Dumps:

"Mr. Forrester, excuse me; but I am not named Dumps. That is the name by which the young men at the store considered it witty to call me. I confess I could not see the wit; but it rather hurt them than me. I saw by your manner that you had made a mistake. My name is Adams."

I was so much ashamed of having used the nickname, innocently as I did it, that I could have cried.

But my old friend comforted me. I think that but for his sympathy that night I should have taken my own life. I did not believe he could help me even then.

But he did. I said I could not tell you just what they accused me of doing unless you knew the ins and outs of our business. And I can't tell you how he did it for the same reason. But one day he came to me, flushed with triumph, and took both my hands and shook them hard, and said:

"My dear boy, it's all right. I'd watched before and had a clue. Your character is cleared. The firm welcome you back, with regrets that they should have suspected you, and the real culprit is found. The real culprit is Merrivale, and Stover is his accomplice."

And so it really was. They had doctored my books and meddled with my proofs. They'd made me out a thief as plainly as though I had been one, and they never guessed that "Old Dumps," with

his suspicions aroused, had played detective, and was able to come to my rescue in the hour of need.

I went back to my situation, and I've got on well ever since; but there's more of my story. Think of my dear old Dumps turning out to be my uncle—my mother's own brother—and neither of us guessing it.

Long ago other people had quarrelled, and so separated these two, who were always friends.

Think of the little man in the shabby wig and coat proving to be quite rich, and going down into the country to live with his sister for the rest of his life.

In vacations and holidays I go to see them. They are happy together, and the little tea-table is set with the old china, and there is spotted beef and jelly, and I am petted like a child. And in my uncle's room the old miniature of the young lady hangs over the mantelpiece as it did in his lodgings.

And once he told me his sweet, sad story, and I knew why the quaint old man in the office had a more true and tender gallantry to women, and was a braver friend and a more perfect gentleman than the young fops who grinned at him from the high stools between his desk and the window, and gave him the nickname of Old Dumps.

M. K. D.

INFLUENCE OF LIGHT ON THE GROWTH OF PLANTS IN HIGH LATITUDES.

In the valuable treatise on the productions of Norway, by Dr. Muller, are some extraordinary facts respecting the influence of the long duration of light during the summer months on the growth of vegetables. At seventy degrees N. ordinary peas grew at the rate of three and a-half inches in twenty-four hours, for many days; and some cereals also grew as much as two and a-half inches in the same time. Not only is the rapidity of growth affected by the constant presence of lights, but those vegetable secretions which owe their existence to the influence of actinic force on the leaves, are also produced in far greater quantity than in more southern climates, since the colouring matter and pigment cells are found in much greater quantity, and the tint of the coloured parts is consequently much deeper. The same remark applies to flavouring and odiferous matters, so that the fruits of the north of Norway, though not equal in saccharine properties, are far more intense in flavour than those of the south.

SOLWAY'S AMMONIA SODA PROCESS.

THIS new method of making soda ash from common salt seems likely to prove a great success in practice as it is remarkable in theory. In technology revolutions take place slowly. Although this process was exhibited at the Vienna Exhibition and attracted a great deal of attention there, it has been slow in coming into practical use. Professor A. W. Hofmann did not hesitate then to prophecy for it a brilliant future, but some details of the operation were not yet perfect, and, while capitalists hesitated to risk on a thing so new, old manufacturers fought it as their direst foe. The operation depends on a principle discovered a long time previously, namely: that bicarbonate of ammonia is able, under certain circumstances, to decompose the much more permanent compound, chloride of sodium, the result being chloride of ammonium and bicarbonate of soda. A patent was taken out in 1838 for making soda ash in this way, but it seems not to have come into practical use. E. Solway took out several patents abroad, the first being in 1863. His method, we understand, as now employed, is nearly as follows: In one tank a saturated solution of common salt is first prepared, and then slightly diluted with water until it stands at 67 or 70 degs. This solution is then filtered and run into a second tank, and ammonia gas forced up through the brine in small bubbles, which are rapidly absorbed. When the brine has become saturated with ammonia gas and its density falls to 16 degs., it flows automatically into the third tank, first, however, passing through a worm placed in cold water to cool it. This third vessel, called the absorber, is the most important part of the apparatus, for it is here that the carbonic acid is admitted, which seems at first to combine with the ammonia to form a bicarbonate of ammonia, then, gaining fresh power, it attacks the chloride of sodium, driving out the acid and combining with the base. The absorber is a cylinder 37 to 53 feet high, provided with numerous perforated, convex, horizontal partitions, or false bottoms, with teeth-like openings around the edge. The absorber is filled with liquid and carbonic acid forced in at the bottom under 1½ or 2 atmospheres of pressure, and, ascending, it comes into intimate contact with the liquid. The

bicarbonate of soda collects as a crust on the false bottom. The liquor is frequently drawn off, and the absorber filled with water to dissolve the soda salt, which can then be evaporated in vacuo and the excess of carbonic acid driven off and caught in receivers for use a second time. The carbonate of soda resulting from calcining this bicarbonate is quite pure if the salt employed be pure, and it is at all events free from sulphur, an ever-present and unavoidable contamination of crude soda ash made by the Leblanc process. What becomes of the waste products? The chief by-product is, of course, chloride of ammonia, which by treatment with an alkali is decomposed and the ammonia gas liberated for use over and over again. The chloride of calcium thus obtained being an article of very little value, it is preferable to decompose the sal ammoniac by means of caustic magnesia, thus obtaining a chloride of magnesia, which can in turn be decomposed very readily by the action of steam into caustic magnesia and hydrochloric acid, the latter a valuable commercial article, the former for use again. It will be seen that there is no waste, every product being utilised, and the question of practicability rests chiefly on the one question: Is bicarbonate of ammonia able to decompose all, or very nearly all, the chloride of sodium in the brine? Ordinarily, no; but under pressure and by a proper adjustment of conditions it seems to have become possible, else the success of the progress reported abroad could not have been attained.

CONTROL YOUR TEMPER.

How many people, to use an old expression, are "continually in hot water." Everything seems to go on wrongly with them. Their neighbours, to them, never seem to have any difficulties in comparison with theirs. Everything seems to have been displaced just when they were particularly desirous to lose no time in finding it. Their children are wilful, obstinate, not to say hateful, indifferent to their remonstrances and unheeding of their counsel. Their labour gives them great uneasiness; to use another old saying, "it is frequently wrong side foremost." And so they are worried, tormented, unable to enjoy themselves and for ever dissatisfied, not only with the world but with themselves. They think everything and everybody at fault, and blame everything, and find fault and storm and fret, when the whole fault lies with themselves.

REUBEN;

OR,

ONLY A GIPSY.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SIR EDWARD looked up and saw that old Griley stood outside.

A feeling of aversion for the moment almost moved the mild baronet to anger at the intrusion, but old Griley's words disarmed him.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Edward," he said, "but I ventured to remain, hoping that I might be of some small service to you."

"No, thank you," said Sir Edward, coldly.

"I hope things are not so bad as they looked," said old Griley.

"They are, and worse," said the baronet, impatiently. "The man has deceived us all—cruelly so! He has behaved like a scoundrel—unless by some miracle these appearances can be explained away," he added.

"Perhaps they can," said Griley, with an insinuating sigh; "at any rate, wouldn't it be as well to keep things as quiet as possible, Sir Edward? For others' sake, you know, sir! See how it affects you! Naturally you got to be fond of the young villain! You've a kinder heart than most of us, Sir Edward, and you were taken with him. Now I knew from the first that he'd turn out wrong, but as I was saying, Sir Edward, don't you think Miss Seymour will be greatly distressed if—it came out sudden like?"

Sir Edward clasped his forehead, and paced the room.

Old Griley insinuated himself through the doorway, and limped to the baronet's side.

"There's no use in making bad worse, Sir Edward," he croaked. "Miss Seymour is ill—too ill to be harassed and distressed—just ill enough to make her worry over trifles like this. She was taken with him quite as much as you were, and it's only natural

she'd be cut up, if she heard how badly he'd behaved. Why should she know it, eh, Sir Edward? Keep it from her, air? I'd a kept the other from her, I would, indeed, but they wouldn't let me! Of course he took the hare, Sir Edward; ah, and there's many other tricks he's been up to, that I could tell you of!"

"I won't hear them; I don't wish to!" said Sir Edward, waving him off.

"Of course you don't; and do you think I'd be telling you 'em, in the midst of your distress?" said old Griley, with gentle reproach. "No, I'd give my right hand to spare you, I'd say, Sir Edward, let him go, and smooth the matter over. Miss Seymour should be considered before everything!"

"No reason, when every idiot is babbling it over the place!" said Sir Edward.

"Their mouths can be shut," insinuated old Griley.

"But to account for—for his absence?" said Sir Edward.

"Do not account for it," said the old man. "He's a gipsy, and like a gipsy, changeable and reckless. Unless you would like to raise a hue and cry, and drag him back to punishment, I'd say, Sir Edward, let him go, and smooth the matter over. Miss Seymour should be considered before everything!"

Sir Edward stopped and regarded the wrinkled face for a moment with absorbed, questioning look, for there was a significant and sinister tone which set the loving father pondering.

"I believe you are right, Griley," he said, "and I'll take your advice. I don't know what to do."

"Say nothing about the money, and leave Farmer Styles to me," said old Griley. "I'll write to the squire to-night, and ask him to make inquiries for the girl in the proper quarter. They will fly to London, Sir Edward, and there are paid bloodhounds who can scent a man out. Will you leave it to me, Sir Edward?"

"Thank you," replied the baronet. "I shall, at least, be obliged for any effort you may make to discover the girl, and restore her; but I must take measures myself."

Old Griley rubbed his hands, and croaking a respectful adieu, limped out of the room delighted with the success of his fiendish plot.

He did write to London by the next post; but, through a short letter, informed John Verner of the events which had occurred at Dingley.

A much longer one went to Morgan, cautioning him to be wary and keep his prey out of sight.

Sir Edward, after an hour's painful meditation, decided to take Griley's advice, and to take steps to hush the affair up at once.

Accordingly he made his way to the farm, and there, having called the men together, told them that there was something wrong, and that he would try to discover what it was, and the evil-door, but that he could not hope to succeed unless they maintained a circumspetuous silence, and refrained from gossip.

"Above all things, I desire that the matter should not get to Miss Olive's ears."

These men sympathised with this, and quietly dispersed.

Sir Edward's hardest task was now before him. With slow step he proceeded to the gardener's cottage.

"Do you want, Mr. Styles, air?" asked the gardener's daughter.

"Yes," said Sir Edward.

"He's got up and gone, air," said the girl. "I couldn't keep him, and he went straight off."

"To the farm?" asked Sir Edward.

"Yes," said the girl, "leaning on his stick, and looking quite changed and scared like."

Sir Edward hastened off, and soon came in sight of the once sturdy farmer, making his way slowly up the lane.

When he heard the baronet behind him, he stopped and waited.

"Farmer, farmer!" said Sir Edward; "you are running a risk for your life! Why did you get up?"

"Why should I lie there?" said the farmer; "I'm well enough now. D'ye think, Sir Eddard, a sin to be knocked all to bits on a sudden for a bit o' an ungrateful girl?"

"Poor Polly, you must not be hard upon her," said Sir Edward. "I will go to London, and commence a close search for her."

"Save theeself the trouble, squire," said Farmer Styles, sternly. "Polly'll never eat bit nor sup 'neath my roof-tree again. My house has allus been a honest house since my great grandmother took it, and d'ye think I'll have the finger of scorn pointed to it now? No, don't let her name be heard by my ears again. I've said my say, and I've done—wi' her! But the man has as brought down this upon me and mine—why, as for him, the reckoning is to come, and when it does it shall be a heavy one!"

"My poor fellow," said Sir Edward, "promise me to think more kindly of the miserable girl."

"No, no. She's made her bed, and she must lie on it. Get thee home, squire, and leave me alone. I'll be all right to-morrow, and be at work on the fifty acre, as if nowt had happened!"

Sir Edward deemed it best to follow the old man's advice, and with a sad sigh, turned and left him.

Meanwhile Olive lay at the mill patient and full of a secret happiness, which, tinged as it was by doubts and fears, seemed strangely sweet.

She knew that Reuben loved her, and he had saved her life.

Of the result of his passion, which in her innermost heart she felt she returned, she could not think. The picture was too dim and uncertain to afford her any comfort or even hope, but the fact remained, that Reuben loved her, and that he had saved her life.

With this thought predominant above all others she lay patiently waiting until her father's return, to bring her tidings of her home.

At last Sir Edward's step was heard upon the stairs, and Olive turned her sweet face with a slight blush as he entered.

Sir Edward crossed over and kissed her.

"Well, my darling," he said, "you are looking better even than when I saw you last."

"I am better, papa," she said. "But Reuben—how is he?"

"Quite well, I hope," said Sir Edward, with a poor attempt at a smile.

Olive gave a sigh of relief.

"Did you see him, papa?"

"No," said Sir Edward.

Then he added quickly before she could question him:

"I thought it better that—that he should have a little change—he was looking pale and ill—too much worried, in fact, to say nothing of his heroic feat, and so I have sent him—he has gone to London!"

Olive's heart sank, and the tears slowly welled up into her eyes.

In her present weakness the disappointment was great and bitter, for she had set her heart upon seeing him, and thanking him with her own lips.

"When will he be back, papa?" she asked.

"I cannot say," said Sir Edward. "Soon, I hope. Don't look so disappointed, my darling; perhaps it is for the best."

"What has happened?" asked Olive, quickly, alarmed by his words and tone.

"Oh, nothing—nothing that should affect you," said Sir Edward. "I mean that it is better you shouldn't excite yourself. Reuben will, no doubt, be back before very long, and then—ah! To-day, here is the doctor, and again unable to set out the scene, or maintain the deception longer, the poor baronet hurried from the room."

It was his intention to go to London that same day, and accordingly he galloped off to Dingley, and ordered the brougham to take him to the station.

CHAPTER XXXII.

JOHN VERNER, ESQ., of the Grange, director of half a dozen companies and a doken charitable institutions; owner of the grand carriage and horses which filled the hearts of the city clerks with admiration and envy, sat in the library of his town house, with his accounts, books and prospectuses before him, and that day's "Times" in his hand.

The hand trembled a little as it held the crisp newspaper, but the face was harder and colder than ever, and in the steely eyes was a cruel glint which told of a purpose dark and sinister, and immovable.

While he read, a smile, sharp and acute, unlooked his lips, and at one paragraph of the money article, he laid the paper down and leaned back in his chair.

"The time was ripe," he mused. "Quite ripe. Panics everywhere—everywhere; it was only natural that we should fall with the rest."

A small electric bell placed near him tinkled melodiously, and stopped his reverie.

He rose and opened the door, and Mr. Normanby sauntered in.

"Good morning," he said, in his careless, languid tone. "I'm late."

"It is afternoon," said John Verner. "But you were busy, I suppose?"

"Yes, tasting wine for the duchess's little party. A useful man, you see. Well," and he glanced at the "Times," "how is the city?"

"Very unsettled," said John Verner, eyeing him with a cunning air. "Very unsettled. Quite a panic—a-hem!"

"You expect him up to-day, I see," said Mr. Normanby.

"Yes, I am afraid my dear friend will be alarmed by the news in this day's city article, and will come up to town."

"Your 'dear friend' will, no doubt. What a lucky thing that you should have put him on his guard three days ago, eh?"

"Yes, very lucky," said John Verner, turning pale. "Hush! here is someone."

"How do you know?" asked Normanby.

"By this bell," said John Verner. "It is an electric one, and communicates with a knob in the passage leading to this room. When a foot treads upon that mat outside, I know it."

"Excellent," said Mr. Normanby.

"Hush! get in here and go round. If it is he, you can come in in ten minutes."

"Is all prepared?" asked Normanby, with a smile.

"Yes, yes!" said John Verner, craftily. "Go! Here he is!"

In another minute, as Normanby stepped through a doorway into a passage, which lead back to the front hall, the door of the room opened, and a servant ushered in Sir Edward.

"My dear Sir Edward, how are you?" exclaimed John Verner, clasping his hand and shaking it.

"Not very well—worried and harassed," replied Sir Edward.

"Oh, of course; how could you be otherwise?" rejoined John Verner, drawing a chair near the fire, and sinking into his own. "It has been a dreadful time—dreadful! What an escape!"

"Yes, thank Heaven! It was a deadly one," said Sir Edward, thinking that the allusion was to Olive's accident.

"Yes, everything is dark and gloomy now, and I don't know when we shall right ourselves. You have seen the paper, of course?"

"I cannot say I have," said Sir Edward, "for I came to town quite suddenly, and read my letters in the train."

"Bad news everywhere," said John Verner, shaking his head, and raising his hands, to drop them again with a grave earnestness.

"Rain everywhere. Yes, it was a lucky escape for both of us."

Sir Edward looked puzzled.

"Are things wrong in the city?" he asked.

"Wrong is not the word," said John Verner, trying to meet the anxious eyes of his dupe, but failing in courage and glancing nervously at the fire.

"Panic upon panic, bank after bank! There are three gone this morning, and not a thousand pounds to be had. Oh, these never was such a time. I am so glad that I was in town. If I had been at the Grange, when the Eastern Bank failed, I should not have known it in time, and we should have both been ruined, miserably so."

"The Eastern Bank failed!" exclaimed Sir Edward, turning pale.

"Yes. I wrote you three days ago," said John Verner, staring at him.

"Write to me!" exclaimed Sir Edward.

"Yes, of course. 'Why, good heavens! you don't mean to say that you haven't got the letter?'"

And the astute man of the city leaned forward, as if in breathless dread.

"No; I have seen no letter."

"What! no letter telling you that—but stop, we must be dreaming!"

And he rose and, snatching up his letter-book, read out in an agitated voice:

"MY DEAR SIR EDWARD.—Things are looking queer in the city, and especially with the Eastern Bank. I have sold out this morning, and should advise you to do so. I am sorry also to hear that the mine shows some signs of water. While you are writing to the broker get rid of the mining shares. Perhaps it would be better if you could run up to town. In great haste."

"Yours sincerely,"

"JOHN VERNER."

"To Sir Edward Seymour, Bart., Dingley Hall."

Sir Edward sank back in his chair with a groan.

"Do you mean to say that you have not received that letter?" asked John Verner, pale and breathless.

"No, I have not received it," said poor Sir Edward.

"Merciful Heaven! then you have not sold out the bank or mining shares?"

Sir Edward shook his head.

"What?" demanded John Verner, hoarsely.

"You still hold them?"

"Yes—yes," said Sir Edward.

"Great Heaven! The bank went yesterday, and the company is insolvent."

Sir Edward's head sank upon his breast with a deep groan.

"I am ruined!" he exclaimed.

"But the letter—where is that? How does it happen that you did not get it?" huskily demanded John Verner, whose hand trembled as he held the letter-book, and whose steely eyes shifted from his victim's face to the door.

"I know not," muttered Sir Edward. "I only know that I have seen no such letter and that I am ruined!"

"Heavens! it cannot be true!" gasped John Verner. "That letter I sent—by whom? Why, by Normanby. I would not trust it to a servant, and Normanby was here and offered to take it himself! Is it possible that he can have forgotten to post it?"

The small electric bell chimed out, and John Verner hastened to the door.

"Ah, good morning," cried Mr. Normanby's cheerful voice, as he entered into the room. "Ah, Sir Edward—why, what is the matter?"

"Come in," said John Verner, as he closed the door, "come in, for Heaven's sake. Normanby, do you remember sitting here three days ago?"

"Yes," said Normanby, "of course I do."

"I gave you a letter to post."

"Yes, you did," rejoined Normanby, "and I posted it. Ah, by Jove!—confound it, I forgot it! Here's the confounded thing." And plunging his hand into his pocket he drew out a slightly soiled letter.

John Verner stared at it and sank into a chair with a groan.

Sir Edward, who seemed to be quite stunned, looked up with a sickly smile.

"Is that it?" he asked, holding out his hand.

"Yes, that's it," said Normanby. "I hope—"

Sir Edward opened the letter and read it mechanically, then he smiled on the table.

"Written three days ago!" groaned John Verner.

"Too late now!" said Sir Edward, rising and dropping into his chair again, as if he did not know what to do.

"Oh, yes, too late—too late!" groaned John Verner.

"What is the matter? What has happened? I do hope that nothing serious has resulted from my stupid forgetfulness," said Mr. Normanby, anxiously.

"Read that," said John Verner.

"No, no, why should he?" said kind-hearted Sir Edward. "He is a young man, Verner, a young man, and careless. He meant no harm, and did not know the importance of the letter. No, he shall not read it."

"But I insist," said Normanby, and very gently but firmly he took the letter from Sir Edward's hand.

With a profound air of satisfaction, he read it through and through, and then looked from one to the other.

"I am sorry," he said. "But—pray forgive me—I don't quite understand what has happened now."

"You don't," exclaimed John Verner, with a fine assumption of angry impatience. "Was there ever such gross ignorance. Don't you see, sir, that that letter was a warning to Sir Edward to get rid of his responsibility in the Eastern Bank and the Grand Mining Company."

"Yes, yes, I see," said Normanby, "but they are all right."

"They have broken, and—Sir Edward is liable for an immense sum of money."

"I am ruined!" groaned Sir Edward.

Then Normanby sank into a chair, with a great look of trouble and perplexity on his face.

"And all my fault!" he exclaimed, in a broken, hearted voice.

Sir Edward rose and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"No," he said gravely, and with a wan, kind smile, that would have touched the heart of any one but the men he was dealing with. "No, not all, my young friend; the fault is greatly mine. I who had sufficient thirsted after more, and this is my just punishment. But, oh! my Olive—my Olive!"

And with a mean, he covered his face with his hands.

Let us leave the two birds of prey gloating over their victim, as he stands heart-broken and bowed down with grief and remorse.

Before we can return, the vultures will have descended, hordes of rough men with writs and warrants will have put in an appearance at the ancestral house of the Seymours, and the roar of the panic shall have reached its height, and be heard from one end of England to the other.

Let us leave the weak, amiable, kind-hearted father and our heroine to struggle for awhile against adverse fortune, and follow the footsteps of our hero—Reuben the Gipsy.

It was a calm, clear, Australian summer night; the stars looking larger than they appear in England, and brighter, twinkled in a sky that seemed cloudless and airless, so bright and intense was its luminous blue.

In a mountain gorge, running between two vast rugged hills, lay camped a small body of men.

A camp fire burned in their midst, and threw the shadows of these rough hats and weather-stained tents upon the green sward, which rose towards the hill.

A mountain stream threw itself into cataracts over rocks above them, and ran prattling at times, and roaring at others, along the rocky bed of the ravine.

A few gigantic trees rose from the hill-side, and nestled in their light branches.

A beautiful scene; more intense and grander than any English one could be, and yet almost as soft.

Forming a direct approach to the scene, the diggers themselves were a motley band of men, with brass arms, and bright, glinting eyes.

Their coloured shirts were stained with rain and dust and travel, their high leather boots were grey with wear, and their bowie-knives glittered in the sunlight, and their voices rose deep, but not inharmonious, with the cry of the magpie.

It was a happy side, and the gold diggers were hard at work drinking coffee or whiskey, and eating dried meat, and launching and coarse bread.

Though the weather was rough and hard, and often difficult to maintain all, their spirits seemed good, and their voices were loud.

Laughter rose at intervals, always deep and hearty, but always genuine, and at times a song, sometimes, and full of diggering would break out at night, and set the table and the camp, conveying what sort of creatures these were, and how they lived.

Conspicuous amongst the group was one short, stout figure, which our readers would recognise as that of the author, Ned, and near him stood the companion of John, who had started off with the united contributions to purchase Reuben's outfit. The other of the three, George by name, was seated on a stump of a tree, smoking a short pipe, which he had lit with his last words.

"Now, Ned, let's have the Bay's Biscay," said a voice. "We haven't had that since Heaven knows when. Why, since George here picked up that big nugget!"

"Ah!" grunted George. "Don't talk o' that, mates. It gives me the bile. It's bad enough to dig, and dig, and dig, and get nothing but dust, and a thirst big enough to drink the Atlantic dry; but it's was to find a nugget as 'ud make a rich man o' you, and then to lose it the next night."

"Hang the digger thieves, say I, and may I get a chance at 'em, that's all!" exclaimed another. "Don't I remember them years ago at Ballarat. Just started then, we had, and had had decent luck. Why, Billy Morris here had got a stocking full!"

The night before we'd settled to start, two dozen of the biggest rascals nature ever owned to come sneaking down upon the camp, with their knives in their mouths, and their barkers in their claws. We fought it hard, oh, Billy! but it was no use. Five of us lay dead as nails, and the other six gave in to be plundered!"

"Ah!" said the leader of the gang. "But they had their back hands, some of 'em!" "Didn't Arthur give it 'em, eh?"

"Did he?" asked a young fellow who was lying back with a rather paler face than the others.

"Ah! you weren't here then, Tommy. I should think he did, rather. He came over with us, you know, and we had settled we four and three other chaps in Bullet's gorge. No luck for a week, and then a fine just tempting enough to make us cling on. One night we'd turned in—all except Arthur, and he'd gone to get some game. It was dark as pitch, and you couldn't see, you'd think, a hare from a thistle; but Arthur's eyes were like a cat's, and we knew he'd come back with something on his back."

"Half after midnight I heard something outside my tent, and thinking it was him, I up and calls out."

"The next minute a scoundrel flashes a revolver close to my head, and throws himself on me. There wasn't time to say 'knife,' before six others was down on us, and took us all unawares."

"We were nowhere, and we gave in after a quarter of an hour's tussle, and the wretches commenced to sack and burn before our eyes."

"Suddenly while I was lying back with a gag across my mouth, I felt something behind me, and the next minute a revolver was thrust into my hand from behind the tent."

"I felt my blood run hot, and I waited until the chap set over me turned his back, and then I dropped him."

"A second afterwards there was a sharp cry, and another fell."

"Then another, and another, all the shots coming from different parts of the tent."

"You'd a thought Bedlam had broken loose!"

The robbers thought that they were surrounded, and as they dropped one after another, they yelled fit to wake the dead.

"At last two of the men had the sense or the courage to make for the door. And then there come afore 'em one man!"

"One man! and he shoots scoundrel number one through the heart, and knocks the other down!"

"Bravo!" cried the group, raising their caps. "Bravo! That's Arthur all over. Quiet and gentlemanly, and sure!"

"Hush!" said Ned; "here he comes!"

CHAPTER XXXIII

As the speaker broke off with his warning "Hush!" the individual spoken of as Arthur was seen stepping from rock to rock of the rapids with a light, buoyant and yet sure step, and a moment after stood in the midst of the group round the camp fire.

As the flames rose they lit up a countenance singularly rich in "thrust beauty," which possessed at once the clear deep tones of the man with a shadow of the softness and refinement of the woman.

One such a face amongst the Spaniards, often amongst the Italians, and sometimes such a face does in the old families of our own land.

Tanned as brown as a berry was the face, the hair, and the partly bare chest; the latter wide and powerful, looks as Hercules. With one hand upon his lithe side, and the other grasping a neat bowie-knife, the much lauded Arthur stood seemingly fast in thought.

With a slow movement he turned, and raised his head, and then one would have recognised the deep, half-moderated eyes of those of Reuben the Gipsy.

No sorrow, no time could alter them, and they betrayed him.

"Well, Arthur," said Ned, "no sport?"

"No," was his reply, "Nothing to speak of—game is scarce."

"But liquor is plentiful," added George with a cheery laugh. "Come and sit down a while, man," and he tossed a blanket out beside the fire.

Arthur sank down upon it with a nod and smile of thanks and took one of the cups which were held out to him by his comrades.

"We were just saying," said Ned, stirring the fire with his foot, "that this place is nearly played out, Arthur, and that it's time we made a move."

"Very well," said Arthur, setting his cup down and dropping upon his elbow.

"Oh, of course," retorted Ned, with an amused glance around. "We know it would be 'very well.' It always is very well and always was. 'It was very well when we were at Ballarat and the night for sickers came down on us and stole the nugget. It was very well last winter, when coffee and a quarter of bread went round for rations. It was very well last spring, when the rains gave us the rheumatism, and the ague went round. Always very well. What do you care for, Arthur?"

"Not much," was the quiet reply. "One day is very much like another, and to-morrow it will not matter whether to-day were ill or well."

"It's all the same a hundred years hence, you mean," said a digger.

Arthur nodded.

"A man must have had a rough time of it to find any consolation in that idea," said the digger, glancing curiously at the grave, tanned face.

Arthur frowned and turned himself slightly.

"And so you think of moving," he said, as if to change the subject.

"Yes," said Ned; "we thought we'd work Ballarat way—across the hills—or down valley. It's all one. Which do you think best?"

Arthur thought for a few minutes.

"Down the valley," he said.

"Ah, what's the use? It's crowded with fossickers," said a digger who had lost a large fortune in one night by the hands of the gold-stealers.

"Then try the hills."

"Of which we know nothing," said a digger, anxiously.

"That is true," said Arthur, turning his eyes to the speaker. "We know nothing of the hills, but that there is gold there I am sure."

"A whim of yours, that?" said Ned.

Arthur nodded carelessly and waved his hand upwards.

"Between those ranges there are some steppes, and in those steppes is gold."

"You think so!" said the digger who had spoken first.

"I think so," said Arthur, thoughtfully.

Then he looked up as he drew his pipe from his pocket.

"There is only one way of being certain—by going to see."



[THE MISSING GOLD.]

"Ah," said one or two voices, doubtfully, "look at the loss of time. The bad season is near upon us, and we may go up there and get nothing but hard times. Down here we can always pick up enough to run on; up there—" And the speaker shrugged his shoulders.

"True," said Arthur, puffing the smoke out in a long cloud, "quite true."

"Of course it is. Who'd go up there prospecting—in danger and trouble night and day—while a certainty, poor but sure, lies here in the ravines?"

"I would," said the grave, quiet voice.

"You would?" said the digger. "Then you'd go alone."

"Exactly," was the calm reply. Then, with a pleasant smile, he continued: "I am rather tired of this life, boys. It's pleasant and profitable—too good for me, perhaps, for I'm not contented. Don't think hard of me if I say I'd like a change—a rougher time would be welcome, so that it was a change. Now this, that seems so risky to you, would suit me well, and if I have your word for it I'll prospect the hills and put the question at rest once and for all."

"No, no," said Ned, quickly, "we won't have that. You shan't go, Arthur; there'll be change enough directly, when we get near Ballarat. That restless mind of yours is like a kite, all ways of the wind at once."

Arthur laughed softly and glanced round at the tanned faces, which were all turned to him, and which wore upon them that expression of selfishness battling with better feeling which settles upon the face of a man who has to decide whether he shall refuse or accept a sacrifice from his fellow.

"Only one voice," said Arthur, and there was just a touch of kindly bitterness. "Come, boys, who'll deny me a little sport and adventure. I'm one of you, and I can't go unless I get leave, but I've set my heart upon mounting the hills, and let no man say no if he means to do me a kindness."

"It's dangerous sport," said an old, gray-bearded man, grimly. "Let it be, lad."

"If we all said that when danger stood in the path the gold-land would never have felt a spade," said Arthur, with a smile.

"No, it's the danger he's after," said Ned, almost angrily, "not the gold! He cares nothing for that."

"Why should I?" retorted Arthur, good humouredly, and he raised a cup to his lips, looking over it with a dreamy eye. "You, boys, all of you, are looking forward to going back to the old land; there are anxious hearts waiting for you, and you'd like to fill the hands that will grasp yours with gold—rich

and rare nuggets—but I—tush! Let those keep the gold that want it! Give me my rifle, this clear sky, and a cup of whiskey, and I ask no more!"

"And yet you work hard enough at the spade and the washer," said George.

"Of course—who wouldn't?" said Arthur, "and I like to see the nuggets glittering in the water, but take them out, and the pleasure's gone! It's the search for a thing that's pleasant; the finding of it is poor play, soon wearied of. Which looks better? the nugget as it lay in the sieve, lad, or the nugget as it hustles amongst a dozen others in the bay yonder?" and with a laugh, he waved his hand towards Ned, who had taken a bag from his belt, and was weighing out in a small scale, the finds of the day.

The men looked on rather gloomily, for the find had been small.

For some time luck had been against them. They had borne it as men of their stamp always do, cheerfully, almost uncomplainingly; but to-night the offer made by the grave, sad-smiling Arthur, had set new thoughts in their brain, and new hopes.

What if it should be true, and that beyond the first range of hills should be steppes or prairies, with the precious metal running like underground rivers, through the rocky soil?

Each man as he received his small share, or left it with Ned to take charge of, sighed and loomed, and all save one man looked at the lithe, recumbent figure of the volunteer pioneer with wistful attention.

This one exception was a gaunt, lanky fellow, named Smiley.

He had joined the gang at Ballarat, and had never given a very clear account of himself.

There was a conjecture in the camp that Smiley had known Van Dieman's Land and Botany Bay, as the gold fields were glutted with escaped convicts and tickets-of-leave, and the supposition was not a wild one.

The suspicious nature of Smiley was the general topic of chaff in the camp.

One could not hazard a statement without receiving an incredulous smile or remark from the unbelieving Smiley, and a good or kindly action was received by him with a suspicious sneer, and shrewd shake of his head, which were amusing in their intensity of scepticism.

Now Smiley had listened to Arthur with an evil-looking leer of doubt and suspicion, and now, as he took his share of the gold-dust, and stowed it carefully away in his little leather pouch, sewed inside his belt, he glanced down at Arthur, and said, with a dry, rasping voice:

"I s'pose you think you'd make your fortune up on those hills, mate?"

Arthur turned with an expression of abstraction.

He had evidently forgotten the recent conversation.

"I s'pose you think you'd find gold a lying on the surface, up there, washed up by the rain and clouds, like?"

Arthur smiled.

"You know better than that," he said; "I have not handled spade and washer for nothing, Smiley."

"No, I expect you knows something," said Smiley, suspiciously. "Praps a deal too much for some of this party. It seems curious to me, how you should be so certain about the find up there."

"Does it?" said Arthur, indifferently.

"Yes," continued Smiley, amidst a profound silence, "it looks a most suspicious—meaning no offence!"

There was a general smile around, which seemed to irritate the suspicious digger, for he went on more tartly, and with, by this time, a snarl, which, if not meant to offend, was eminently calculated to do so.

"It seems to me as if a party who'd made as certain of it as you've done had gone on more than mere guessing. You see, mate, business is business—your knows the understanding twist you and me, and I ain't going to say it's a bad 'un."

"What understanding is that?" asked Arthur, gravely, while the rest looked from one to the other, with half-amused, half-amazed attention.

"You comes to us, mate, with Ned and George and Tommy, just as we are agoin' into Ballarat. We was doing well, then, weren't we, Bill?" And he turned for confirmation to a companion lounging at his elbow.

The man nodded, and Smiley went on:

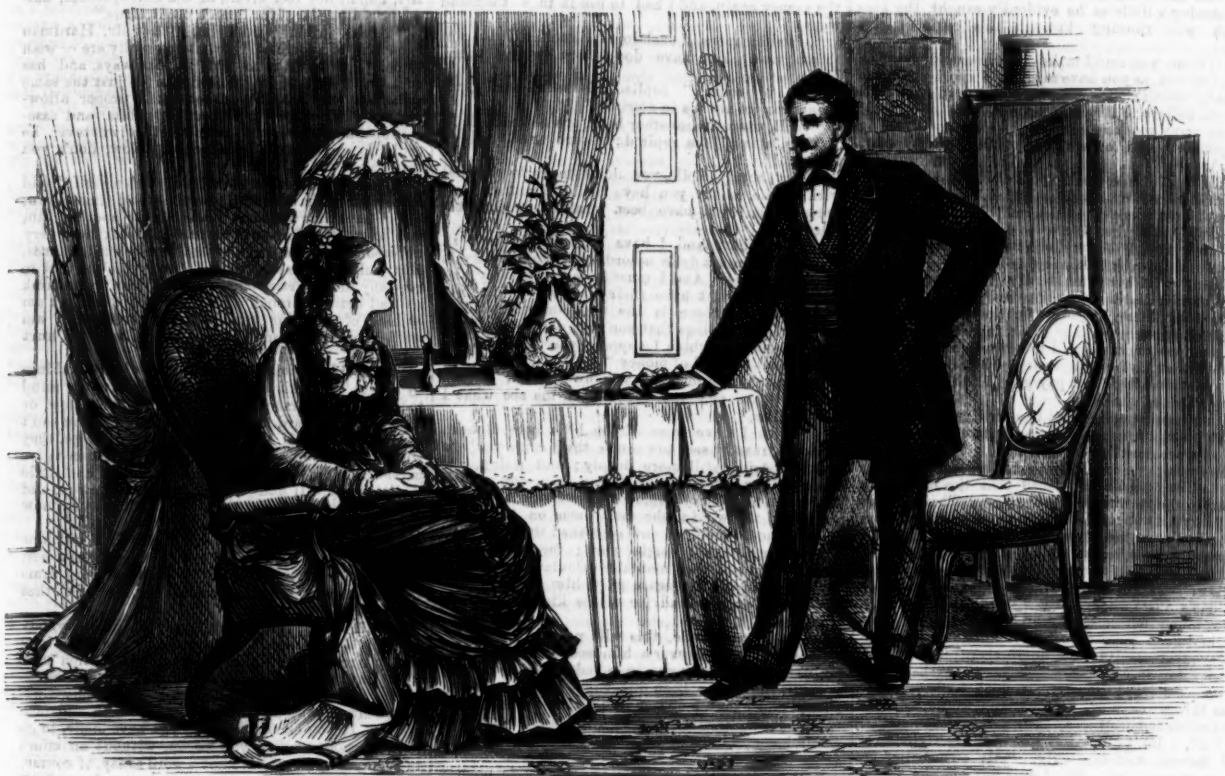
"We was doing well, we was, but directly you and your mates come luck turned on us. The first week we did have a slice of the good fortune. The few sickers came down on us in the night and took every ounce. Then when we moved we did nothing, and whenever we've come across a tidy thing so sure have the cursed rangers been down upon us and robbed us."

"Shut up, Smiley," called out one or two, but Arthur held up his hand.

"Let him go on," he said. "Free speech in camp is the rule. Go on, Smiley."

Smiley, more irritated by the contemptuous scorn of the calm permission to continue, flushed hotly and did continue:

(To be Continued.)



[ROBERT ARNOLD MAKES A RESOLUTION.]

TRUE WORTH.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Robert Arnold left his friend's house, he descended the steps slowly and musingly. His conscience told him that he had been judiciously and wisely advised, and he was convinced that his only true and safe course consisted in following that advice. But in opposition to this there arose within him that terrible bugbear—the fear of the world; the apprehension of what his friends would say, and what effect the change he had been advised to make would have upon his future prospects.

Then, too, he thought of his position—a position which he could forget he had earned by the most lavish, wasteful expenditure of money, and the sacrifice of his own peace and comfort, for the sake of the praise of others for whom he really cared nothing. He could forget, too, that the position of which he was so proud might be lost much more easily than it had been won, and once lost, it would require more effort than he was capable of giving to regain it; and that the friends upon whose good will he now counted, would disappear before the clouds of adversity, as the dew before the morning sun.

He had obtained a position which entitled—nay, which demanded—that he should sacrifice his own comfort to the thoughts of others; that he should entertain scores of friends who cared for nothing but their own entertainment; that he should squander hundreds and thousands upon those who would shun him when he was no longer able to contribute to their amusement.

These thoughts had never before entered his mind, or if they had, he had set them away as something entirely out of place with one before whom the world appeared so bright and beautiful.

"Sufficient to the day," he thought to himself. "would be the evil thereof;" and hugging to himself the idea that his present prosperity would be perpetual, he would not permit such depressing thoughts to interfere with his present pleasures.

He moved away slowly and mechanically, pondering on the conversation just had, and more than half inclined to follow the excellent advice of his friend. However, before making up his mind, he resolved to consult Belle, though he knew well enough what she would counsel.

In this moody and unsettled state of mind, he

reached his home, and found Belle in a terrible passion with the seamstress whom she had just discharged.

Glad of anything to divert his own thoughts from his present situation, he inquired what was the matter.

"Why," said Belle, holding up a little child's garment, "the stupid girl has gone and put the tuck in this dress half an inch lower than I told her; and she knows how particular I am."

"But did you discharge her for that?" inquired her husband. "You surely did not discharge her for such a trifling cause?"

"Trifling cause, indeed! To be sure I did," she replied, angrily. "Do you suppose I'm going to have a woman about me who don't pay attention to what I say? Just look at that dress—it is completely spoiled," and she held up to his view a very beautiful and richly trimmed silk dress, intended for their daughter Ida.

Robert did not know enough about ladies' dresses, or children's dresses, to be able to detect the great fault of which his wife complained, and was simple enough to admire it as being beautiful, and very tastily made.

"You are stupid," she said, snatching it angrily from him. "Do you suppose I would let my child wear a dress like that? Just look at that tuck. It is full half an inch lower than it ought to be. Everybody will know that it is a botched piece of work."

"But, Belle," said her husband, hoping to soothe her. "You forgot you were once a dressmaker yourself. Were you ever treated in that way? Were you ever turned out of your situation because you happened to make a mistake?"

"There you go again, sir. I am much obliged to you, I am sure, for reminding me of what I have been. Perhaps you had better invite all our friends in, and let them know it, too. No doubt it would afford them infinite satisfaction to talk it over."

"You talk foolishly, Belle; you talk worse than foolishly. I am afraid prosperity has turned your head. I really think you have acted very unreasonably with the girl. Who knows but upon her keeping her situation with you, depended the support of a sick mother, or perhaps some young brothers and sisters. I think you have acted hastily, to say the least."

"And I think you are foolish, sir," she replied, flirting away.

"Well, that is just what Mr. Hardman says," he replied, half laughingly, hoping to avert the threat.

ened storm, "and so long as there are two to one, I might as well give in."

"Then you have seen Mr. Hardman, have you, Robert?" she said, throwing the dress carelessly upon the bed; and drawing an easy-chair up by the fire, she threw herself in it, while her husband proceeded to divest himself of his coat and hat. "And what did he say?" she inquired, continuing, for Robert had made no answer to her question.

"Pretty much what you said just now, Belle."

"And what was that?"

"That I was foolish."

"Well, he knows you as well as anybody, and is as capable of forming a correct opinion of you; so I suppose I must not find any fault with him. But what did he say. Did you tell him what you proposed to do?"

"I did."

"What did he say?"

"His advice is that I should sell the house and furniture, break up housekeeping and go to boarding."

"Go on, sir; what else did he say?" she asked, tapping the carpet impatiently with her slipped foot.

"He discouraged the idea of my going into business at present, as I am now situated."

"And why?"

"Because, in the first place, I have no capital. In the next place, I cannot start without the certainty of incurring an expense of at least one thousand six hundred or two thousand pounds a year. And if I do not succeed in making that, of course I shall be worse off than I am now, and instead of selling my house for myself, somebody else will sell it for me."

"Now, Robert," said his wife, and she turned to him so as to look him full in the face, though without rising from her seat, but rather setting herself in her chair with an air of determination, as if conscious of her own power, and resolved to exercise it on this occasion, "now listen to me. You told me the other day that you sold full one-half of all the goods in your late firm."

"Well, I think I did."

"And you have made for your share of the profits during the two years you have been with them, over three thousand six hundred pounds. Is not that so?"

"I admit that is true."

"Then, if I know how to count right, you must have cleared six thousand pounds in each year, because there were four of you between whom your profits were to be divided."

"And that's true," said Robert, his countenance brightening a little as he evidently caught the idea which was running through his wife's busy brain.

"If, then, you could make six thousand pounds a year, and you, as you have said, hold nearly half the goods by which that was made, what earthly reason is there to believe that you could not sell for yourself just as many goods as you did when you were selling for yourself and others? Come, answer me that, Mr. Arnold?"

"Well, there's something in that," said Belle, placing his hand on his forehead, as if he were trying to fasten there the idea which had just been hinted at. "But then I have no capital to start with. It is very true, I believe I can buy many goods, I wish and I can sell as many as I buy."

"Then," said his wife, hastily interrupting him, "I think Mr. Hardman was perfectly right in calling you foolish. Here, by your own showing, you could have sold goods enough to make three thousand pounds a year, and yet you are afraid to begin—and why?"

"Well, but, Belle, it is a very great hazard. Suppose my customers don't pay up. I have got to pay for my goods any how."

"And suppose you don't pay for them?" said his wife. "I don't see how you are to be any worse off than you are now."

"There is some truth in that, too," said Belle, quite willing to be convinced that the course he wished to adopt was the right one. "There is no thing very certain, if I don't do something, and that immediately, we must give up the house. I have not over sixty pounds in the world, and I cannot keep this house going any longer with that as a resource."

"That's just what I know," replied his wife. "How much better it would be to hold up your head, and keep appearances up, and not let people know your real situation until there is a real necessity for it. If the worst comes to the worst, and we are obliged to sell the house, I shall be wiser, but as things are now, I think you would be more than foolish to throw away your present chances."

"Well, I don't know but what you are right," replied Robert, half musingly. "My own belief is that I can make out. But I will tell you one thing, Belle, we must cut off some of our expenses."

"Well, of course. I am as ready for that as you are. I am sure you cannot call me very expensive. I have not had anything which is not necessary, and proper for my position in society. It is true, I have spent a great deal of money, and I am willing to acknowledge that I have had my share. But we could move in the society where we have been for the last two years, and we cannot go into the kind of company we wish to associate with, without expense. There is that seamstress; I will try and get along without her now!"

"How much have you been paying her?" asked Robert.

"Twelve shillings a week."

"And we must not give any more parties this winter?" said Robert, with an air of hesitation.

"Then you must not expect to go to any more," said his wife; "because if we don't ask our friends, they won't ask us."

"Well, we must stay at home for one winter. Then, I think," he continued, "we had better discard the carriage."

"There you go again," she said, her face flushed partly with anger, as she saw him breaking away from her influence. "That is just what you said before; and that very thing would do more to hurt you than anything else you could do. Why, people would say at once that you were too poor to keep your carriage. It would be talked of by Tom, and Dick, and Harry, and your credit would be utterly ruined; and as you say yourself, you have no capital, I should like to know what would become of you."

"But I don't see how I can keep it," was her husband's reply, with an expression which showed that he wished she would point out the way, for he was as loathe to part with any luxury as herself.

"Well, we must diminish some of our house expenses. There is the seamstress, I have got rid of her. There is cook. I give her thirty pounds a year now. I can get another for eighteen."

"Have you any idea," asked Robert, abruptly, "how much our house bills amount to? They will be coming in pretty soon, and I must make some preparation for them."

"I am sure I do not know," replied his wife, colouring deeply, for he was now approaching a very tender point. "There is the grocer, there will be a quarter's bill due him on the first; and the butcher—I can't say how much his last month's bill will come to. I don't know but you have paid the servants' wages."

"Why, Belle," said Mr. Arnold, moving uneasily in his chair, and showing slight symptoms of rising anger, "I am sure I left money with you to pay those bills."

"Yes, I know you did; but they did not send for the money again, and I had to use it in a thousand ways."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Arnold, "I did not think that. You have done very wrong there, Belle."

"Oh, of course," replied his wife, testily, "I cannot expect always to do right."

"Well, there are no other bills, are there, Belle?"

"Yes, a few," she replied; "some small bills on my own."

"Why, surely, Belle, you don't mean to say that with all the money you have had for yourself and the children, you have been running in debt besides?"

"Well, I have, and I have been obliged to do it. You know I must dress according to the society in which I move. And I must have my jewelry, and the children must have their dresses for dancing school. There is the music-master, and a thousand little things that you must not know anything about, and which I suppose you think I can get without a word of money."

"Well, how much do you owe, Belle, if you know? Have you any idea? Let me see what I have to face."

"Oh, yes, I have some of the bills here, Robert. You can readily see how much they come to," she said, colouring still more deeply; and rising, she went to her bureau, and taking from one of the drawers a mass of crumpled papers which had been carelessly thrown in, she laid them on the table. One by one he unfolded and smoothed them out, without uttering a single word; for, as he looked at the accounts he had been mentally calculating, and the total amount of the aggregate gave him a shudder, he covered them over the advice of his kind friend, Mr. Hardman.

"If, Belle," said he, "this will never do! Take a list of these over a hundred bills, and besides all the money you have had, and I can tell you some of these bills are due this morning. If I had known that, I do not think I should have troubled Mr. Hardman for advice; for even now, I should have told him that I was going to start a business, and I could—"

"Of course, sir," she replied, "there is nobody extravagant but me. Your horses and carriages don't cost anything; and your champagne suppers don't cost anything; and your whist parties don't cost anything. And you didn't spend any money at Brighton last summer. Oh, no, not at all! But I must keep this house, with its five servants, and dress myself and the children as you wish to see us dressed, and I suppose you will allow me a hundred a year to do it with. Oh, no, you don't spend any money! Now, look here, Mr. Robert, here are some bills that came in this evening while you were out. Just please to look at those. This is your bill for liquors and cigars, and there is your tailor's bill—and here's another small item, your harness-maker. Just please to see how much those come to; and they are not three months old yet."

Robert glanced at their amounts and saw that the total reached nearly one hundred and twenty pounds; at which he was rather startled, principally, however, because he knew he had not the means to pay them.

For a few moments he sat perfectly mute, and his wife, as if conscious of the tenor of his thoughts, made no effort to break the silence.

At length, hastily rising, he dashed the bills on the table with unnecessary vehemence, and exclaimed:

"I will do it or die!"

His wife well knew what these words meant, and feeling that she had carried her point at once, endeavoured to change the current of his thoughts.

She spoke of his proposed business arrangements, asked what kind of a shop he had taken, what rent he paid, and various questions of that kind which she knew would interest him, and which conveyed the idea that she, too, was deeply interested.

CHAPTER XII.

"I TELL you what I think of doing, Belle. You know there is Uncle George. I have not seen much of him these three years, and I know I am the only relative he has living in the world. He is a very wealthy man, and perhaps he will be willing to give me a start."

"I wonder you didn't think of that before," said his wife, now glad to see that she had not completely carried her point. "I have no doubt at all but he would gladly assist you."

"But I will tell you, Belle," said he, "with something of hesitation in his manner, 'he is one of those kind men, if he knows how we have been living, or should happen to know that out of all I have made, I have not saved anything, he would be the last man in the world to help me. I mean to try him,

however, to-morrow, and if he will only give me a lift, I shall not feel afraid of the consequences, notwithstanding Mr. Hardman's predictions."

"I don't think," said Belle, "that Mr. Hardman is capable of appreciating what you really are or wish to be. I think he is so set in his ways, and has such an idea that every person can do just the same as he has done, that he cannot make proper allowances for differences of education, habits, and associations; and make up his mind that whatever he could do, any other person could. Now, don't you think so?"

"Well, I have often thought of that myself," said Robert, and I have told him so often and times again; but he says that what one man can do another can, and he won't receive any excuse. I think he is very unreasonable, and doesn't make proper allowances. But, Belle," he continued, "do you think it best to give any more parties this winter? Don't you think we had better stretch a little on that point? I am as fond of spending money as you are, and I am willing to earn it, but I don't think I shall hurt myself."

"How addition! These are no words of doing things by halves," said his wife, "but I will let your mind to adapt the course you mean to follow now, or else to wait till Hardman comes back. You can't stop half way. If you give any more parties, they will say you are too poor to give them; if you don't give parties, they will say you are too stingy; and little by little you will find yourself being away, and taking care of your own little parties, and you will have no more of the kind."

"I know, Belle, that is exactly my fear, but how will it be of me to be giving a party that will cost fifty or fifty pounds more than the very same thing I have not paid, and must pay for the clothes I have on?"

"Well, I suppose it would be a little if anybody knew it, and as you have told them, but how do you mean it? You are in this position now that you are compelled to choose one of two things: you have got to give up the house and go boarding, or you must make up your mind to keep it, and face it out. If you choose what you have made, to go boarding, to where you began, without an effort to keep your place, I have not a word to say, of course. But my advice is, to keep up appearances; for as long as you do that—so long as people believe you are rich—so long they will treat you as if you were rich. But once you seem poor, you will find that every person will turn a cold shoulder to you. Why, Robert, how many do you suppose that visit us now, if you were to give up housekeeping to-morrow and go to boarding, would believe that you did so except because you could not help it?"

"I know there is a great deal of truth in that," said Robert. "I know the opinion of the world goes a great way; but it is a desperate game I have got to play. However, I have made up my mind, at all events, to try it, and as you say, I can't be any worse off a year hence than I am now."

The conversation continued in this strain for some time longer—Belle arguing her point with a pertinacity which insured her husband's adherence to her views, and he readily falling in with them because they suited his own.

The good advice which Mr. Hardman had given him was forgotten, and he made to his own conscience the plea that his friend was not capable of making proper allowances for the great differences in their positions. He was a very wealthy man, who could afford to live as he chose. He could spend his one, two, or four hundred a year, or he could live upon one. He could go in a coat out at the elbows, and those who knew him would laugh at his eccentricity. And if Mr. Arnold were to come down to a two hundred a year, and wear a shabby coat, the world would say as once that he could not help himself.

And so he satisfied himself by this false sophistry that he was right, and that his wife's view of the case was the proper one.

Before they retired for the night, Robert had firmly made up his mind that, in spite of the advice of his good friend, Mr. Hardman, he would take the chances, and go into business on his own account; and in order the better to keep up present appearances, they determined to economise within the house as much as possible. The cook was to be discharged; the seamstress already had been dispensed with; the music lessons were to be discontinued as soon as the quarter was ended; and they were not to give but one more party during the season. By these means, they calculated upon saving, at least two hundred during the year—not for one instant thinking what a mere drop in the bucket that was compared to their extravagant and foolish expenditure in other quarters, which could only be counted by hundreds.

The next morning, in accordance with the promise he had made to his wife, Robert called on his uncle. Now, it happened that it was on this very day that

Mr. Arnold had met Mr. Benson, as has been stated in a previous chapter; and perhaps he could not have chosen a worse opportunity for accomplishing the purpose of his visit. However, he knew nothing of that, but determined to lay his case plainly before his uncle, and solicit his aid in re-establishing himself in business.

"Well, Robert," said his uncle, after the first greetings had been exchanged, "it is a long time since I have seen you. I have heard of you though, my boy, and I am glad to hear you are doing so well."

"Yes, uncle, I have not troubled you very often; but I am come to ask a favour of you now. I suppose you know that my firm is dissolved?"

"Why, no; you don't say so. This is the first I have heard of it. How comes that? I thought that you were doing very well indeed."

"And so we were, but we didn't agree very well," said Robert, not at all desirous of telling the whole truth if he could avoid it, though he did not mean to tell a direct falsehood. "We were doing very well indeed, but old Mr. Henderson is such a queer man to get along with, and so precise in his ways, he was all the time making trouble between us."

Now that was a deliberate falsehood; but Robert spoke it rather in the exuberance of imagination than believing in its reality.

"Well, Robert, what are you going to do?" asked his uncle, at the same time motioning him to take a seat.

"Oh, you know I can't be idle. Uncle George, I can't afford that; so I've taken another shop, and am going to commence business on my own hook at once."

"That's right, Robert, that's right; I am glad to see that you don't intend to remain idle. Of course, with your experience in the business and large acquaintance, you can't help doing well. But how did you get on in the old firm? I heard you were doing a first-rate business."

"And so we were, uncle—and so we were," replied Robert, rubbing his hands gleefully at the very thoughts of it.

"What do you suppose you made, Robert?"

"Why, my share for the two years I was there averaged nearly one thousand eight hundred pounds."

And, as he spoke, Robert was ready to have bitten his tongue off for having told so much of the truth, for he was sure that his uncle would expect that out of so large an amount he should have saved something handsome, and he was equally sure that he would ask him how much he had saved. Sure enough.

"Well, Robert, how much did you save up out of that, my boy?"

"Why, to tell the truth, uncle, I can't say that I have anything of any great consequence saved. I bought the house I live in, and that, with the furniture, need up pretty much all I had the first year. And then it costs more to live as I now live now than when I was a clerk."

"Oh, yes, I suppose so, of course," said his uncle, a cloud passing over his face. "What did you give for your house? You have a fine one, I dare say."

"Two thousand three hundred pounds," replied Robert, rather proudly, "and I think I got a good bargain at that—at least good judges tell me so."

"Oh, well, that is something of a capital to start on," said his uncle, "you can easily raise money on that. Of course, you paid cash for it?"

"Well, not all," replied Robert, rather hesitatingly, for he saw that the crisis was approaching.

"Well, how much did you pay on it?"

"Six hundred pounds."

"Why, you don't mean to say you have got a mortgage of eleven hundred pounds on the house?"

"Yes, uncle."

"What, and call it your house! Why, it don't belong to you at all, unless, indeed, you have got the money to pay for that mortgage."

"Oh, that is all fixed; there will be no trouble about that."

"Well, well, I suppose you know what you are about best, Robert. But what can I do for you? And his manner, as he asked this question, convinced Robert that, however much he could do, it was little enough he might expect now."

"Why, the fact is, uncle, I want some assistance to start in business with. I don't pretend, of course, to have any claim upon you; but if you feel that you could, I should really like that you should give me a start."

"Well, how much have you to begin with, of your own?" said his uncle.

At this question Robert stammered and coloured, for it was a home thrust, and he dared not deceive his uncle, and he was equally afraid to tell him the real truth, for he well knew his habits and principles.

"Why, uncle, I have not anything, to tell the truth, of any consequence—not one shilling, at all events, to begin upon in a business by myself."

"Well, you must have something," said his uncle, in a tone of interrogation, and seemingly rather displeased at Robert's manner of evading a direct reply. "You certainly can't have spent three thousand two hundred, or three thousand four hundred in two years, if you have only paid six hundred on your house."

"Yes, but, uncle, I paid for my furniture, you know, and then, as a man in business, I had to live very differently from when I was a clerk. I suppose I have been rather extravagant, and have not saved as much as I ought to have done. But then you must make all allowances for a beginner."

"Certainly, certainly, Robert," replied his uncle, with a tone of affectionate earnestness. "I shall be glad to know that you are doing well, and to prove that I am interested in your welfare, I will tell you what I am willing to do. It is true I have not seen much of you of late years, but I have never lost sight of you, and shall not forget that you are my only brother's child. Now I will lend you to begin with, as much capital as you have to put in yourself."

Robert's heart sank within him at these words, for he well knew that once his uncle was informed of the manner in which he had squandered—for even he could find no other term for it—all the profits of his two years' business, and over enough to support him handsomely for another year, he would be the last man in the world to lend him a helping hand.

His ambition was strong, but his sense of honour proved the stronger, and with a frankness perhaps to be commended under the circumstances, he said:

"Well, uncle, if you can't do more than that, I am afraid it will be a long time before I can get into business."

"I don't exactly understand you, Robert," said his uncle, "what do you mean?"

"Well, I mean simply this, that I have been foolish enough not to save anything, and I have not a hundred pounds of my own in the world."

At these words, Mr. Arnold arose, and placing his hands behind him, approached his nephew so close as almost to touch him, and said, with an air partaking of astonishment, doubt, and anger:

"You don't mean to tell me, Robert, that out of three thousand pounds earned in two years, you have not saved anything?"

"Oh, yes, uncle," replied Robert, "I have my house to show, and my furniture."

"Your house—your furniture! It is not your house! It belongs to some other man. I would like to know how you are going to pay the one thousand seven hundred which you owe on it. And as for your furniture, please to tell me what good that is going to do you, and what do you suppose it would bring now? Do you expect to go on living at this rate, and do you think that I would do anything to encourage it?"

"Oh, no, not at all, uncle, not at all. We have made up our minds to change our whole course of living. We are going to retrench and cut down our expenses."

"Well, I am glad to hear it, for it is quite time," said his uncle, with something of asperity in his manner.

"I have partly secured a shop in Liberty Street, and I have no doubt I can get along very well. I am sure I sold nearly half the goods for the firm since I have been with it, and I have no fear of the future if I can only once get under headway."

"Indeed, that is prompt, Robert, and I hope you will not be disappointed. But I tell you plainly, you need not look to me for any assistance. If you had told me that you had saved up two thousand pounds or the half of it within the last two years, out of your large profits, and had it to show, I should not have minded to loan you as much money, but I don't feel like risking my money with one who doesn't know how to take care of his own better than you do. Now, there's no use talking, Robert," he said, seeing that his nephew was about interrupting him, "there is no use of talking; you know me very well. I should be very glad to hear of your doing well, and should be equally glad to have helped you; but I can't run any such risks as that. It would be contrary to my principles, and I really think I should be doing you a positive injury."

"Then you can't let me have anything to give me a start with?"

"Not one pound, young man," replied his uncle, with an air of firmness, which Robert well knew it would be an almost hopeless undertaking to attempt to overcome—"not one pound! If you have not learned to save yet, it is time you began, and the quicker you do it, the better it will be for yourself. Take my advice, sell your house and furniture and go to boarding. Put the money they bring you into your business, and in a few years you will be independent; if you only make up your mind to it. You are young enough yet to begin again, and your past experience may help you."

Robert feared that it would be useless to argue with one so set in his opinions as was his uncle, and

in fact he had almost felt what the result would be when he first entered the office; but his natural buoyancy of disposition led him to hope, even against hope, and he determined upon one last effort.

"You are right, I know, Uncle George, I am fully sensible of the folly of my past course, and have no ambition to continue in it; but I don't want to receive your refusal as final until I say a few words more."

"You know that I am now called a capable, experienced, and excellent salesman. My business reputation stands high, and as yet I do not think it has been injured by my mode of living. That I mean to correct at all hazards, and go on henceforth on a moderate scale."

"A sudden change, such as you advise, might affect me so seriously that it would take years to repair the injury."

"Now, all I ask is a small start; give me a chance to do for myself, and if I prove unworthy of your confidence, or false to my present professions, you know what to do!"

"But don't let me break down in the very outset of my career for one fault!"

"You know, Uncle George, the old hunter didn't throw his rifle away because it missed fire once; he picked the flint, and tried it again. Now, you have never tried me!"

"I might have deceived you, and told you that I had two thousand pounds; and you would have let me have as much yourself. Come, please think it over once more."

"I won't admit that you are right, Robert," said his uncle, evidently softened, "but I won't be the one to condemn you utterly for one fault. No, I believe you feel what you say, and I will prove to you that I am willing to help you on. I will let you have one thousand for three years; that will give you a start at least."

Robert was most profuse in his thanks, and in his professions of gratitude for this timely assistance.

"Where did you say you thought of locating?" said his uncle, as Robert having drawn up and signed a note at three years' date, received his cheque for the one thousand pounds.

"I have taken a place in Liberty Street; that is, I have the refusal of it, and now I will secure it at once."

"What rent do you pay?"

"I get what room I want for four hundred pounds a year."

"That is not very high, considering the location. Well, go ahead. I am sure I wish you well, and I am equally sure you can do well, if you will act judiciously and discreetly. Remember, you must be prudent and economical. Give up your high notions of fashion and folly for the present, and by the time you have got together a few thousands by hard work, you won't be half so much inclined to spend them foolishly as you are now. I shall always take an interest in your welfare so long as you deserve it. There, never mind any more thanks. I am busy now. Go along, and Heaven speed you."

There were few lighter-hearted men than Robert Arnold as he left his uncle's, and he resolved that he would cut loose at once from the trammels of folly and extravagance by which he had ensnared himself to be bound, and prove worthy of his uncle's kindness and confidence.

(To be Continued.)

SCIENCE.

LOCOMOTIVE WITHOUT FURNACE.—The Monitor Industrial Balance states that a locomotive without furnace has commenced running in Paris on one of the tramways. It has a reservoir of superheated water, which gives a constant supply for moving the vehicle. On another line of tramway an ordinary steam locomotive is at work. It is like a small omnibus in shape and size, containing a boiler. The furnace is out of sight, and fed with coke and charcoal. The draught of the furnace is kept up by a supply of compressed air.

For moulding valuable glass objects which would be disfigured by common cement, chrome cement may be used. This is a mixture of 5 parts of gelatin to one of a solution of chromate of lime. The broken edges are covered with this, pressed together, and exposed to sunlight, the effect of the latter being to render the compound insoluble even in boiling water.

HARDENING AND TEMPERING GLASS.—Herr F. Siemens has drawn attention to a process of hardening and tempering glass by pressure in moulds. It is said that this process produces glass which is quite as unbreakable as that obtained by M. Royer de la Bastie's process, and free from some of the objections which appear to attach to the process of tempering in oil.

A NEW PROCESS FOR STAINING TISSUE.—The process, introduced by the well-known histologist, M. Cornil, consists in the employment of "violet methylaniline." Its merit is said to be that its constituents separate into red and blue elements, which have different affinities for the tissues acted upon, and therefore fit it especially well for organs in a state of lardaceous degeneration, the lardaceous part taking a red tint, the normal a blue. M. Cornil has by this process determined that the lardaceous change takes place in the interior of the small arteries. One objection to the method will prevent its being of very great practical value, that is, the disappearance of the colouration in specimens mounted in Canada balsam, glycerine, etc.

SELF-IMPROVEMENT.—There are many young working men who are anxious to improve their minds by reading and study out of business hours, but too many grow discouraged and fall in their efforts for self-improvement, although they begin with the best intentions. A want of thoroughness in whatever is undertaken is perhaps one great cause of such failures. A practical writer on that topic gives the following direction: "Never leave what you undertake to learn until you reach your arms around it, and clench your hands on the other side." It is not the amount of reading you run over that will ever make you learned; it is the amount you retain. Dr. Abernethy maintained that "there was a point of saturation in his mind," beyond which it was not capable of taking in more. Whatever was pressed upon it afterwards crowded out something else. It is probable that few of us have minds more sponge-like than that of the great doctor. Every young man should endeavour to perfect himself in the science of the business he has chosen.

ARTIFICIAL EYES MADE SENSITIVE TO LIGHT.—Among the curious developments of science is the recent production, by Dr. C. W. Siemens, of an artificial eye that is sensitive to light. We wish we could add that it gives vision to the blind; but we cannot, though perhaps it contains a germ of promise in that direction. The new eye is composed of an ordinary glass lens, backed by an artificial retina of selenium. This mineral resembles and is allied to sulphur; it is distilled from bodies that contain sulphur in conjunction with metals, such as iron pyrites, a compound of sulphur and iron. Mr. May, a telegraph clerk employed at the Valentia station of the Atlantic cable line, first observed, in 1873, that the electrical resistance of selenium was instantly altered by light, the resistance being diminished by increase of light. Dr. Siemens makes use of this peculiarity of selenium in the construction of his novel eye. An electrical circuit is arranged, of which a bit of selenium forms a part, and constitutes the retina. When a strong light is admitted into the lens and falls upon the selenium retina, the current of electricity flows and (by acting upon small magnets) may be made to work the artificial lids of the eye, opening or closing them according to the intensity of the light. It is well known that the vibrations of musical sounds may, by an ordinary conducting wire, be electrically transmitted and successfully delivered to the ear. It remains to be determined whether light vibrations can, by means of selenium and electricity, be transmitted to the brain in the absence of the natural eye.

THE EFFECT OF COLD ON MILK.—The effects of a low temperature on milk have been carefully examined by M. Tisserand, who recently communicated his observations to the Academy of Sciences. He found that if cow's milk is, immediately or soon after being drawn, placed in vessels at various temperatures between freezing point and 90 Fah., and the initial temperature is maintained for twenty-four or thirty-six hours, it will be found that the nearer the temperature of the milk is to freezing point, the more rapid is the collection of cream, the more considerable is the quantity of cream, the amount of butter is greater, and the skimmed milk, the butter, and the cheese are of better quality. These facts, he believes, may be explained by Pasteur's observations on ferments and their effect on the media in which they live. It is probable that the refrigeration arrests the evolution of the living organisms which set up fermentation, and hinders the changes which are due to their growth.

CONDENSED EGGS.—It is astonishing what progress has been made during the past few years in the art of preserving aliment generally, and that a great boon has thereby been conferred all round we have daily evidence. The superfluous herds of Australasia and South America are now potted, or, we should perhaps say "tinned," for the English and other markets, thus affording comparatively cheap animal food for the less opulent classes. America sends us in large quantities the products of her waters, which but for preservative processes would be lost to the old world, Switzerland is fast ruining the milkman's business in this country, from

across the Channel comes supplies of vegetables in a form qualified to journey round the world without deterioration, and Denmark exports her delicious butter in ever-increasing quantities, well protected from the effects of keeping and climatic change. In fact, preserved provisions now include a vast variety of substances hailing from all parts of the world. Although more the recipients than the producers of such goods, there are many articles of the kind which we are able to send abroad, and the production of the Scotch provision factories are especially esteemed in certain parts. But we have strayed somewhat from our immediate object, condensed egg, a sample tin of which is prepared in Bavaria. This article is prepared from fresh raw eggs by a process of desiccation, which, while effectual in removing all traces of moisture, leaves the natural properties of the egg unimpaired. It is only necessary to add a due proportion of water to the egg powder to render it fit for culinary purposes, the active constituents of one egg being contained in about a teaspoonful of the powder.

UNDECIDED YOUNG MEN.

A WORLD of trouble is occasioned to girls by the indecision of character of young men. A pretty girl is living in the neighbourhood of half a dozen young men. She is not only beautiful, but she is good, well educated and accomplished. Perhaps there is not one of these young men who would not take a particular interest in her, for she is a general favourite, but they observe that one of their number seems to have got the start of them; he is a regular and frequent visitor, and his attentions do not appear to be at all displeasing in the quarter where they are bestowed. So the others fall back, or turn their eyes elsewhere.

The young man who has brought all this about goes on from week to week, from month to month, it may be even from year to year, without any definite plan for the future, or so much as any clear decision in his own mind of what he wishes to do. He likes the young lady, he knows that his visits are pleasant to himself and acceptable to her, he would not like to see her receive particular attentions from another, yet he says not a word about engagement and marriage, the end and aim of woman's life.

He has gradually won her affections, until he has become "the ocean to the river of her thoughts." She could not bear to break with him, to be separated from him, for she loves him as she fondly believes, and perhaps truly, as she can never love another. But how harrowing is the state of doubt and uncertainty in which she drifts on. R. B.

LAP-DOGS.

I LIKE a dog when I'm sure he isn't mad. And, of course, he is a faithful creature, though, as a general thing, he has a way of snapping at strangers' ankles that is not encouraging to them. The savage who believes that, in his happy hunting grounds,

"His faithful dog shall bear him company," may be quite correct, and all those stories about dogs that died upon their masters' graves may be entirely true, but those good dogs of history are not the dogs that ladies carry in their arms and take out riding. The two present favourites—one a bag of pulled cotton and the other a mass of gray bristles, from amidst whose spikes glitter two red eyes—cannot possibly have any good in them. When excellent Dr. Watts wrote:

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For 'tis their nature to"

he meant that last-mentioned sort of dog. I know he did, as well as though I had had a spiritual communication from him to that effect.

M. K. D.

A MATHEMATICAL MORALIST.

He was a philosophical looking man, sedate and methodical.

It was Anniversary week, and he had come from the country to attend the meetings, and during the intermission he walked abroad to observe the ways of the metropolis.

In the course of his peregrinations he chanced to arrive at the store-house of Bourbon, Bung & Fawcett just as a drayman was landing a load of casks bearing the cantezelled stamp of "Old Rye." Mr. Bourbon was in attendance.

"Ah, whiskey, I take it?" said the philosophical looking man, with a show of interest.

With a serene smile Mr. Bourbon nodded assent. "You have, doubtless, a large quantity in store?"

"Yes, over a thousand barrels."

"A thousand barrels of whiskey?"

"Yes," said Bourbon, smiling again. "Are you in business, sir?"

"Not exactly," replied the philosopher, "though I feel interested in the matter. You have been in the business some time?"

"Yes, sir,—many years."

"And have observed the effects of the alcoholic flood?"

"Sir?"

"This whiskey, I presume, is to be distributed over the country?"

"Certainly."

"Then let us calculate," pursued the philosopher, running over his fingers as he mentally computed. "This whiskey is so much seed that must bring forth its inevitable fruit. It is safe to say that in each four barrels there is a family fatherless, and a stricken widow; in each two barrels there is a premature grave; in each barrel there is a human life blasted; and I think we may safely set down five gallons as all sufficient for a quarrel and a fight. So we have in prospect two hundred and fifty widows, with their suffering little ones; five hundred premature deaths; one thousand young lives for ever ruined; and broils, and quarrels, and fights almost without number,—and all these prospective calamities are here barrelled up, only awaiting the hand of the dealer to let them loose upon our own land. Verily, I am glad that my hand is not to be engaged in the work. I should be afraid to sleep and dream if it were. Good-day, sir."

And with this the philosophical peripatetic walked slowly away, leaving the senior member of Bourbon, Bung & Fawcett in a very brown study.

S. C. J.

CHANGE IN THE COLOUR OF THE HAIR.

It is stated that the transactions of the British Royal Society, extending over two hundred years, contain no instance of any sudden change in the colour of the human hair—a circumstance regarded as conclusive that no such change has ever occurred, for, had it ever been undoubtedly witnessed, it is not likely that it would have remained undescribed.

The most eminent medical writers confess themselves unaware that, irrespectively of recorded evidence, anything in support of the popular notion on this subject can be adduced on physiological grounds.

It is well known that human hair cannot be injected. Using colouring fluid, such as a solution of nitrate of silver and a solution of iodine, does not produce any change of colour except in the portions actually immersed. Whether it owes its colour to a fixed oil, to a peculiar arrangement of its constitutional molecules, or to both, it resists decay in a remarkable manner; it resists the action of acids and alkalies, except the strongest, which dissolve it; it resists maceration, and even boiling water unless for a long time applied and under pressure, when it suffers disintegration and decomposition. Exposure to the sun will bleach hair, but this will not account for any very sudden change of colour. The popular notion, however, is in favour of the affirmative of this question, and some naturalists and physiologists adduce what they regard as credible instances of hair changing to white or grey in the case of persons under strong emotions of grief or terror.

EXILED FROM HOME.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE report of Miss Norreys' bailiff coincided with that which Lord Darkwood had given of himself to his successor, in the library, upon that fatal night of his lordship's return to Dunholm Castle.

Mr. Barsby had explored the vicinity of the wreck of the Sylphide. He had discovered the fisherman who had rescued the marquise, and had heard from them how they had found his lordship floating at sea upon the morning after the storm and wreck, buoyed up by a life-preserver. The bailiff had visited the humble home to which Lord Darkwood had been taken, and in which he had been nursed through a long illness back to health and strength.

There was no possible room for doubt, Mr. Barsby declared, that the rescued man was Edward Charteris, Lord Darkwood.

"I traced him to Marseilles under his rightful name and title," said the bailiff. "At Marseilles he

probably came upon the obituary notices of himself in the English newspapers, for after leaving that town he called himself Mr. Chart, and so registered himself at the quiet hotel in Paris where he stopped one night. There can be no possible doubt that this Mr. Chart was Edward Charteris, Lord Darkwood. The personal description is the same. He came on to England, and must have started for Shrewsbury without stopping in London."

"Why do you think that?" asked Miss Norreys.

"I pursued my investigations all the way home, madam," said the bailiff. "At Shrewsbury station, where Lord Darkwood was thoroughly known, I determined to question the porters. One of them anticipated me. The crowd had departed when I went back, and this porter, who knew me very well, drew me aside, saying that he had something on his mind that had greatly troubled him for months. He told me, after some deprecating preamble, that he believed that he had seen a ghost—that one dark, unpleasant night in November last, a man, muffled closely, was let out of a first-class compartment in one of the coaches, and, as this man passed under a light he the porter had recognized him—or believed him to be—Lord Darkwood, who had been reported dead. His lordship—if it were he—seemed to wish to escape recognition, and quitted the station on foot. The porter was positive for a day or two that he had seen Lord Darkwood, but hearing nothing to confirm this belief, he gradually persuaded himself that he had been deceived by a chance resemblance. Of late, however, his doubts have returned to him, and he had begun to entertain a fancy that he had seen a ghost."

"If his lordship were muffled, how could he recognize him?"

"The porter had known him well. Lord Darkwood was very tall and commanding, with a peculiarly stately carriage. The word kindly describes him thoroughly. He carried his head after a haughty fashion, which I never saw in another man. He was fair, with blonde hair and beard. If you had ever seen him once, Miss Norreys, you would have known him years afterwards, had you met him in the farthest corner of the globe. The porter judged from his entire appearance rather than by his face. The recognition would not satisfy a court of justice, but, taken in connection of what I learned in Corsica, and the fact that Lord Darkwood was alive at that time and on his way home, it quite satisfies me!"

"And me also," said the lady. "It is clearly proven, then, that Lord Darkwood arrived at Shrewsbury six months ago. What became of him? Why did he never appear at Dunholm Castle? Where is he?"

The bailiff looked staggered by these questions.

"He must have walked home from Shrewsbury," said the heiress. "He arrived at the station by the night train. It would have been near midnight when he arrived at the castle. No servant gave him admittance, for the castle servants were devoted to him, and would have raised a glad outcry of welcome. The question narrows itself to one of two convictions. Either some harm happened him between Shrewsbury and the castle, or he encountered the present Lord Darkwood on his arrival home."

"So much is clear."

"I think no harm happened him on his way," said Miss Norreys, "because if he had been assaulted or robbed, his body would have been found. His total disappearance is due to the present Lord Darkwood!"

"You think that the present marquis killed him?" asked Mr. Barsby, lowering his voice to a whisper, and looking around him as if fearful that the very walls might hear him.

"I think him capable of such a crime," said Miss Norreys, "under the circumstances. He was Captain Tollish, encumbered with debts, poor, harassed, and on the point of selling out of the army to satisfy his creditors. He became Lord Darkwood, a noble marquis, with a princely revenue, master of Dunholm Castle, with a train of dependents, and honours were heaped upon him. Could he go back to the slough from which he had escaped? Could he return to the old, harassing life and leave these new splendours, which must have become so dear to his soul? I do not believe that he could—if any way of escape from the difficulty presented itself. He has not borne an excellent reputation of late years, notwithstanding the fact that he has remained in the army. He is capable, in my opinion, of killing a man who stood in his way, as the returned marquis must have done!"

"You think his cousin is dead, then?"

Miss Norreys hesitated. She looked steadily at the honest face of her bailiff. She motioned him to draw nearer, and said in a low tone:

"Mr. Barsby, I have waited your return to take action in this matter. I have not dared to confide my suspicions to any one. Upon the day I sent you on your mission, Lord Darkwood and his daughter were here. The Lady Georgina spoke of the castle being haunted, and said she had heard the ghost cry out in the dungeons. I do not know why her foolish words should sink so deep in my heart. Perhaps it was because of the look her father gave her; at any rate, I sent you abroad, and I was full of wonder at my own folly in doing so."

"There was a providence in it."

"Last Wednesday—a week to-morrow—my guests and I visited the castle ruins. The marquis refused to open the dungeons, but he was prevailed upon to do so. My suspicions were keen and terrible; I separated myself from the remainder of the party, and ran through the passages, shrieking at the top of my voice. Mr. Barsby, there was an answering cry!"

"An echo, perhaps?"

"Lord Darkwood called it an owl. It was no echo, no screech-owl, no ghost! It was the shriek of a man for help—of a man in an utter despair!"

"Great Heaven! You are sure?"

"I believe the cry was the utterance of a man, but I am not so sure that I would dare to procure a search-warrant and constables and search the castle-dungeons. My belief may be unfounded, you know. The marquis might have been killed between Shrewsbury and Dunholm, although that is not probable. Or he may be now dead and buried, having been killed by the present lord. Another horrible possibility has also kept me silent. If the cousin of Captain Tollish lives, and if Captain Tollish were to get wind of my suspicions even, he would put his cousin out of the way. You see, therefore, that I have not dared to do anything."

"We have grounds for believing the worst," said Mr. Barsby, "but we cannot openly accuse the present marquis of a frightful crime without more conclusive proofs of his guilt. So far, we have no proofs that Lord Darkwood ever reached Dunholm Castle. If he be yet alive, and we get out a search-warrant to discover him in the castle, the present marquis will be informed of our movements in time to rid himself of his rival. The task you have undertaken is full of difficulties, madam."

"I know it, but we can overcome them all. We dare not work openly. Let us work secretly. Let us search the castle-dungeons at night—"

"And lay ourselves liable to be shot for burglars, or arrested for burglarious entrance into a private residence!"

"I have alluded to the report, which I have heard many times since I came here, that the servants and retainers of the former lord adored him. Are there none among the household we could trust to aid us?"

"The butler could be trusted. Mr. Sutton, the Darkwood lawyer, came down in the same train with me, and is now at the castle. Of course, I said nothing to him of my recent discovery, but we travelled together, and he talked a great deal of the dead marquis, lamenting his early death."

"I will send for Mr. Sutton. He is a lawyer, and will advise us rightly. He can inform the butler, if he thinks best. Tell no one where you have been, Mr. Barsby. Be very cautious still. You can now go home and refresh yourself after your journey, but come again about an hour hence. My doubts and suspicions shall all be satisfied to-night!"

She dismissed the bailiff, and wrote an urgent message to Mr. Sutton, requesting him to come to Beechmont immediately, on business of the utmost importance. She begged him to inform no one of her letter, or of his proposed visit to her, should he comply with her request. She dispatched a mounted groom with the letter, and feverishly awaited the result.

Mr. Sutton had arrived at Dunholm Castle in response to Lord Darkwood's summons. Preparations had been completed for the entrance of the Lady Georgina into an excellent school, and the marquis designed sending his daughter thither next day in the charge of the old family lawyer, his lordship being unable to leave home in the present state of his affairs.

The marquis had returned from his wooing to find Mr. Sutton at the castle. In the exuberance of his delight, he informed the old lawyer that he was betrothed to Miss Norreys, of Beechmont, and received Mr. Sutton's congratulations. The lawyer made some inquiry into the disappearance of Miss Myner, and was informed that she had probably committed suicide in consequence of some unfortunate love affair. Lord Darkwood then retired to his rooms to make some change in his toilet for dinner—it will be remembered that he had become fond of dress as any fine lady, since his accession to fortune—and Mr. Sutton strolled out of doors to smoke

a cigar and meditate. He was so engaged when the Beechmont groom rode up. The groom, being a Dunholm man, knew the Darkwood family lawyer and dismounted and approached him, giving the missive into his own hands.

The lawyer read the letter in astonishment.

"What can Miss Norreys want of me?" he thought. "Has she heard of the marquis's former irregularities, and does she desire to question me in regard to them? Does she wish to speak of her marriage settlements? Ah, it is probably about this missing girl she desires to consult me! Miss Myner visited in her house, they say. I can't assist in the search, but I will obey Miss Norreys's summons. I would like to see the future Marchioness of Darkwood."

He flung away his cigar, crushed the letter into his pocket, and went to the stables. A horse was saddled for him, and he rode away without mentioning his destination. The groom had gone on in advance. Mr. Sutton rode briskly, and fifteen minutes later dismounted at the great porch of Beechmont, giving his horse into the hands of a waiting groom, and ascended the steps. The door flew open at his approach. Sounds of music and laughter came from the drawing-room and music-room, which were upon the floor of entrance. A servant met the visitor at the threshold and conducted him up to the great staircase, and ushered him into Miss Norreys's boudoir.

Mr. Sutton had barely time to notice that the room was a very gem in its exquisite tastelessness and luxury, when the lady of Beechmont, in her long black robe and magnificent beauty entered his presence.

He stood up, bowing low before her, and thinking that in all his life he had not seen so beautiful a woman as this. He was fairly dazzled by her superb and brilliant loveliness, and his honest old face showed his admiration.

"Mr. Sutton?" said the heiress, bending her stately head. I am Miss Norreys. I must apologise for having sent for you so unceremoniously, but I know that you will pardon me when you hear what I have to say."

"No apology is needed, madam," replied the old lawyer, gallantly. "Lord Darkwood has just informed me that you have honoured him with your affection, and that you are soon to become Marchioness of Darkwood. I am grateful to you for anticipating the time when my services will rightfully belong to you, madam."

"Lord Darkwood is premature in his announcement," said the heiress, haughtily. "I am not betrothed to him. I have promised him an answer to his proposal a week from to-day. I may give it sooner—and it may be a negative?"

Mr. Sutton looked surprised.

"It occurred to me, madam," he said, "that you might have heard reports derogatory to his lordship's character before his accession to his present dignity, and that you might desire to ask me questions in regard to them. I am Lord Darkwood's family lawyer. The honour of his name is only less precious to me than that of my own. I cannot, therefore, answer any questions the answers to which might tend to make a rupture between you and his lordship."

"You misapprehend me. I have not summoned you here to ask you to give me a history of Captain Tollish's life. You are the Darkwood family lawyer—therefore you are shrewd, discreet, and able. Sit down, Mr. Sutton. I have something of the utmost importance to say to you."

The lawyer obeyed. The lady took a chair quite near to his, and her manner was very grave, as she said:

"I do not apologise for my interference in the Darkwood family affairs, Mr. Sutton. Neither can I explain to you the causes of my action. I have formed certain suspicions. If they should be verified, I should leave Beechmont, possibly for ever. But enough of myself. Were you attached to the late marquis—he who perished in the wreck of the yacht Sylphide in the Mediterranean sea last year?"

Mr. Sutton was startled at this abrupt change of subject and at the question.

"Attached to him, madam?" he exclaimed. "His death was one of the greatest sorrows of my life. Every one who knew him loved him. He was noble, brave, with a great, truthful nature—"

Miss Norreys's lip curled.

"Spare me your eulogy of him," she said. "What I have done has been with no regard for him—yet he is less base than his cousin. Mr. Sutton, I did not speak correctly when I spoke of the late marquis as having perished. I should have said that he was supposed to have perished."

"He did perish, madam. Captain Foster—"

"Was mistaken. I had my suspicions aroused in

regard to his loss, and I sent Mr. Baraby, my bailiff, to Corsica and Sicily, to inquire if his body had been found. Mr. Baraby returned to-day. Mr. Sutton, prepare yourself for a great horror. Lord Darkwood was not drowned!"

"Not drowned?"

"No. He wore a life-preserver, and floated on the water until morning. Then he was picked up by a fishing vessel. The fishers carried him home. He lay ill for weeks, was nursed back to health, and he started for England!"

"Impossible!"

"It is true. He was seen at Shrewsbury railway station. He set out to walk to the castle. It was one dark night of last November. After he left the station he was not seen again."

"Miss Norreys, you have been deceived." This is impossible!" cried the lawyer, in a great agitation.

"It is true!" again asserted the lady, steadily. "I believe, Mr. Sutton, that he arrived at the castle about midnight—that the servants had retired—that Captain Tollish heard his knock and went to the door. And I believe that Edward Charteris, Lord Darkwood, was either then and there murdered by his cousin or that he was taken down into the dungeons beneath the ruins, and that he is now at this moment a prisoner in those dungeons."

The lawyer leaped to his feet.

"Madam," he cried, hoarsely, "do you realise that you are accusing the present lord of a revolting and awful crime?"

"I do; and I declare him guilty!"

"Merciful Heaven!" ejaculated Mr. Sutton, "it cannot be! You must not dare to make such accusations against the marquis—"

"Then you decline to test the truth of my suspicions? Even when Mr. Baraby declares to you that Lord Darkwood returned to England and arrived safely at Shrewsbury station?"

A cold sweat broke out upon the lawyer's forehead.

The charge against Lord Darkwood, seemed absolutely monstrous. But Miss Norreys seemed convinced of the marquis's guilt. The proofs were strong. What was to be done?

"If I prefer this terrible charge of murder against Lord Darkwood," she exclaimed, "and if he be not guilty, what will be my position? I am his trusted adviser, his counsellor, his friend! The entire country would justly denounce me for treachery to my master—"

"I do not wish you to prefer any charges against Captain Tollish. Let the matter be investigated secretly. If no trace is found of Lord Darkwood in the castle dungeons we will keep silent. But, for the sake of the master you loved, you must probe this matter!"

Mr. Sutton acquiesced in this decision. He could not rest unless the matter were investigated. But he was horrified, stunned, and utterly bewildered.

"I will assist in the search," said Miss Norreys, "Mr. Baraby will join us—also Lord Chilton, whom we can trust. And you should inform the butler, and see that he obtains the keys of the dungeons. They are kept in a cabinet of the library. We will make a secret expedition this very night to the castle ruins—we will search the dungeons. If we find nothing, we will be silent. If we find him, let him be restored to his rights! Mr. Sutton, may I not rely upon you?"

"You may, madam!" said the lawyer, firmly. "It shall be as you say. We will make a secret investigation of the ruins to-night, and may Heaven grant that your suspicions prove true and our noble master be restored to us. But I fear the worst—I fear the worst!"

CHAPTER LVII.

By the time Mr. Baraby returned and was shown up to Miss Norreys's boudoir, the Lady of Bechmont had completely won over the lawyer to her opinion, and they had fully settled upon a plan of action, even to its smallest details.

The bailiff was required to repeat his story. Mr. Sutton cross-examined him upon every point, and a conviction that Lord Darkwood was entombed, either living or dead, in the dungeons beneath the castle ruins took full and firm possession of the lawyer.

Yet, for the reasons already given, Mr. Sutton adhered to his desire that the investigations should be conducted secretly.

Miss Norreys disliked the publicity of legal proceedings, and it was thought that the search could be conducted without exciting sensation or even notice.

"I will undertake to secure the co-operation of Lord Chilton," said Miss Norreys. "And you, Mr.

Sutton, must secure the aid of the butler. I, with my friends, will be at the park entrance of the ruins as the clock strikes the hour of midnight. That is all, I believe?"

"It was all."

Mr. Sutton took his leave, and slowly returned to Dunholm Castle, his face stern yet calm, his mind fixed in the resolve to probe this matter to some conclusion.

His heart thrilled with a longing to behold again the master he had believed dead.

He was full of agitation and unrest under that outward calmness, full of eagerness and excitement.

It seemed to him that he could never wait until midnight to know the truth, and yet a heavy gloom hung over his spirit.

"If Captain Tollish met him and did him any wrong, he surely killed him!" he thought. "Captain Tollish—I cannot call him Lord Darkwood in my own mind now—is not a man to do anything in a half-way manner! If he desired to rid himself of his cousin, he would have done so decisively and effectually—by murder! If we find any trace of our dead lord down there, it will be his grave!"

He was very silent and very gloomy throughout the dinner.

Lord Darkwood was still elated, however, and did not notice his moodiness.

His lordship drank more wine than usual, told more stories, and when the butler had departed, talked confidentially over the "walnuts and the wine" of Miss Norreys, her family, her fortune, and her wonderful beauty, declaring his love for her, and asserted that the day that made him her husband would see him the happiest man in England.

After dinner Mr. Sutton withdrew to the library, and meditated some plan by which he could approach the pompous old butler upon the subject in hand.

Fortune favoured his design.

Lord Darkwood chanced to have an engagement at Shrewsbury, with one of the agents whom he had secretly employed to search for Gwen, and whom he did not wish seen at the castle, and he ordered a carriage and went upon his errand.

During his absence Mr. Sutton went to the butler's pantry, found that functionary, and obtained a private interview with him.

We need not record its details, nor describe the horror and amazement of the old servant.

It is enough to say that he entered into the scheme with heart and soul, and undertook to obtain the keys of the ruins from their repository in the library.

Meanwhile, Miss Norreys was the life of her own pleasant circle.

She had never been gayier than to-night. She uttered brilliant witticisms and bon mots, she was thoughtful of others, so that her lightest word could not wound.

She had never seemed more radiant, yet all the while she was racked with anxieties, and tortured with a profound and horrible despair.

After dinner the party adjourned to the drawing-room.

Miss Kenright took up her woollen embroidery, and Col. Warburton proffered his services in holding her skirts.

Sir William Ensor and Miss Milly Kenright retreated to the grand piano.

Mrs. Kenright lulled in a great chair, and began the rehearsal to Miss Ensor of some episode of her youth in which the baronet's sister seemed greatly interested.

Lord Chilton seemed left by common consent to the care of his hostess, and she took his arm and walked slowly the length of the great room several times.

Then, without being missed, they passed into the great conservatory.

"I have something to say to you, Lord Chilton," said Miss Norreys, as they passed down the flower-bordered, fragrant aisles to the group of luxuriant palm-trees that reared their plumed crests to the very top of the central dome. "I have a project on hand and I desire your assistance and co-operation."

"You have but to command me, madam," said the young viscount. "Does your project concern Miss Winter?"

The lady sighed heavily.

"No," she acknowledged, wearily. "I wish to speak to you about Lord Darkwood."

Lord Chilton smiled significantly.

"You wish to announce your engagement to marry him?"

"No. I shall not marry him. I shall never marry," cried Miss Norreys, with passionate emphasis. "But Lord Darkwood has done a wrong which I desire to right. Listen!"

She told him rapidly of Mr. Baraby's mission and

its result, of her belief that Lord Darkwood lived, a prisoner in his own dungeons, and she added:

"I have planned to search those dungeons to-night secretly. Mr. Sutton will take charge of the expedition. I shall go, of course. Will you accompany us?"

The viscount was amazed at her revelation, and horror-stricken at her aspirations of the present holder of the marquise. But he could not refuse to join the expedition she had planned; little as a burglarious entrance upon any man's premises was to his taste.

"I will go," he said, gravely. "If this thing be true, if Edward, Lord Darkwood, lives, he will owe his freedom to you, Miss Norreys. But for you he might have perished, his fate unsuspected. As for me, I believe him dead. Captain Tollish would not have allowed him to live—if the captain is the villain you think him. May I ask the reason of your strange interest in the marquis who has been believed dead? Why have you searched out his fate with all this care and painstaking? Is it that you doubted this man who desires to marry you?"

The directness of her gaze towards him, and the way that her mouth was strangely drawn, and a tortured expression gleamed in her eyes.

Lord Chilton, she exclaimed, in a low, passionate voice, "these two men, cousins, both, in their turn, Marquis of Darkwood since then, once cruelly and foully wronged an innocent girl. They killed her. Between them they killed her and I, knowing her fate, swore to avenge her! Captain Tollish was the more guilty of the two. Upon his head must fall my bitterest revenge. That revenge must be the deprivation of rank, wealth, honours, luxuries. He shall be transformed into plain Captain Tollish again, with debts and all, and my revenge upon him shall be complete!"

A strange light irradiated that pale, olive face, and glowed in the velvety-brown eyes like fire. My revenge upon the other will be his release from imprisonment—his restoration to life, liberty, and all that he holds dear. Did he but know to whom he would owe all these, you would see that my revenge would be as of fire upon his head!"

"You hate them both?" asked the viscount, wonderingly.

"Hate them?" How her face shone! "How hard and cold it grew like marble! And then how, suddenly, her features quivered with a quick agony, and the hardness melted like snow in the sun, and a strange terror and anguish mingled in her expression, only to yield to the returning coldness! "Yes, I hate them both! They killed her—killed her! But I will avenge her!"

"My dear Miss Norreys—"

"Pardon me, Lord Chilton, I cannot bear remonstrance. I am what I am, and nothing can change me. I do not know why I have said so much to you. I shall complete my revenge to-night," she said, wearily. "And to-morrow I shall go away. My guests will leave to-morrow, and I shall go to London with them. I shall not return to Bechmont. I shall offer the place for sale. When my revenge shall be accomplished, my life will virtually be ended. I will assist you to find Miss Winter. I should like to witness your marriage to her—and then I shall leave England, to join a sisterhood. I do not know which. All this in confidence, my lord. Now let us return to our friends. Remember that we must leave Bechmont upon our expedition at eleven o'clock."

They returned to the drawing-room, Miss Norreys with recovered composure.

They had scarcely joined the no-rest group, when a servant announced that a person named Craft, desired to speak with Lord Chilton.

The person named Craft had been shown into the morning-room.

This was the detective officer whom Lord Chilton had commissioned to search out the history and mystery of Gwen's parentage.

He had dismissed his task and come with his report to his employer.

The viscount hastened to the morning-room.

(To be continued.)

A LIVE GORILLA IN EUROPE.

THE scientific expedition which was sent out about two years ago by the African Society of Berlin, on a tour of research to the west coast of Africa, has now returned from there, and after the members of it had rested a few days in Liverpool, where they had landed, they came on to here on their way to Berlin. As to the practical results of the expedition, the general opinion seems to be anything but very favourable; this, however, may be modified, when the results are published. Their short stay here has, nevertheless, proved a highly interesting one on account of one success at least, with which the ex-

pedition may be credited. Staff-Surgeon Dr. Falkenstein, the medical man of the exploring party, has brought with him a live gorilla, thus giving at last Europe an avenue to the opportunity of settling the much-vexed question about the identity of this interesting animal.

Only once before the gorilla was brought alive to Europe, but he was in such a delicate state of health, and the sea-voyage had agreed with him so badly, that a few days after his arrival in Liverpool he died, and his stuffed skin, as also his skeleton, are preserved in the Museum of Natural History of that town. I believe these have now been compared with the newly-arrived specimen of the same class of ape, and found to correspond. The latter, a male, to whom the name of McPongo has been given by his owner, is now about two years of age, and was about nine months old, when, on the 2nd of October, 1875, he was given to Dr. Falkenstein by Senhor Laurentino Santos, a Portuguese factor in Ponte Negra, who had obtained him from the natives, as a present to the African Society of Berlin. The mother had been shot by the negroes, and this young offspring was taken captive by them.

In the beginning of his captivity, McPongo gave anything but hopes of having him brought up successfully. He refused all food for about six weeks, and was throughout this time very low-spirited, and taking apparently not the least interest in anything going on around him, but on a certain indigenous fruit of the jungle being obtained and given to him, he broke his long fast at last, and from that moment a change seemed suddenly to have come over the spirit of his dream. He became lively, and improved in health and strength. Not long after, however, he was unfortunately attacked by that dread malady, which, in the hands, more or less, of all the race of monkeys in confinement, and may be, in their wild state too—I mean bronchitis. He suffered most severely from it and for some time could swallow nothing but liquids, and these only with great pain. Dr. Falkenstein describes him to have been during that trying time a most-exemplary patient, taking his sufferings with an amount of calm endurance, and showing by looks and actions such true and heart-felt gratitude for the attention bestowed on him, as is not always met with in the sick-wards of human hospitals. Dr. Falkenstein treated his patient with quinine and calomel, and had at last the satisfaction of seeing his labour rewarded by the complete recovery of his pet, for such the young gorilla had soon become through the affectionate nature and the gentle ways and graces, which he exhibited towards his friend, keeper, and medical adviser.

To give you an idea of his appearance, he appears of the height of a boy of four years of age, but, of course, of a much stronger build; indeed the broadness of his chest, and back, and loins is enormous. His skin is jet black, and with exception of the insides of his hands and the soles of his feet, which are shiny like best Paris kid gloves, as also the middle of his face, pretty evenly, but not very closely covered, with a deep, blackish-grey hair. His hands and the nails thereof are in shape quite like those of a man, only the thumbs are shorter. There is no sign what-so-ever of a tail. The skull is as round almost as a ball, and the face rather oval, the jaws not very much protruding. His ears are small, and have flaps. His eyes are in shape exactly like human eyes, and have quite their expression; in colour they are of a deep, rich, beautiful brown. Thus, you see, the face might be called pretty, if it were not for the nose, or rather, the entire absence of what we commonly call so. There are but two longish holes, but when the face shows animation, which it does almost always, one quite overlooks the defect. Tongue, teeth, and the whole inside of the mouth, are remarkably white and clean.

SERVIA.

SERVIA is about one-fifth smaller than Scotland, and sparsely inhabited by one million, three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. Like Scotland, it is a land of mountains. On the south-west the mountains consist of offshoots of the Dinaric Alps, and elsewhere the branches of the Balkan chain. One of these, gathered into a knotty group in the centre of the country, forms the Rudnik Mountains. Another, running northwards, meets a range of the Carpathians, and with it forms the "Iron Gates" of the Danube.

Nothing can exceed the wildness and stern sublimity of this celebrated portal, through which the great river flows.

Generally speaking, Servia is traversed from south to north by extensive mountain ridges. These form valleys, which nowhere expand into plains. In its physical features the country is not unlike Bosnia

and the Herzegovina, but with its green and well-wooded hills it is striking contrast to the bare and sterile region of Montenegro.

As Montenegro was the unconquered remnant of the old Servian Empire, therefore the little principality in the Black Mountain, in that sense, he held as its true representative. Modern Servia, however, on account alike of name, resources, and geographical position, claims continuity of national life with the Servia of the fourteenth century. The motto of the princes of the present house of Obrenovitch is "Time and my right." Their arms represent a white cross on a red field, and on the escutcheon are inscribed the dates, 1359-1816, between which lies a drawn sword.

The first date commemorates the fatal fight of Kossova, when the Serbians, overthrown by the Ottoman arms, became a subject people; the second marks the year when Militch Obrenovitch went from his dwelling among the mountains of the interior to the church of Rakova to raise anew the standard of revolt.

The drawn sword between the dates is taken to indicate that the attitude of the subject Serbs on the Danube during four long centuries of Turkish rule was not one of servile submission, but of a nourished antagonism.

What gives importance to the revolt of 1816 is that it resulted in the permanent acknowledgment of Servia by the Porte as a self-governing though still tributary Power, under native rulers. Servia, restored to the Serbs, brought back with her hope at some future time of entire independence, and of an extension of territory co-extensive with the old Servian kingdom.

Not do the free and warlike inhabitants of the Black Mountain entertain any jealousy of the national aspirations of their brethren on the Danube. The two Serb Powers are in close alliance, and between the families of the respective monarchs exists a cordial friendship.

IBERE.

CHAPTER II.

It was a wonderful contrast to the scene of Floxham, and it had been an object of curiosity not always appreciative interest from the first.

When the foundation was being dug the foundry members of the lower strata of the society had been wont to gather round the workmen, to see, open-mouthed, at "th' big pit with meen war diggin' to put down Norford's new house." It had as the work advanced, and the building grew, and developed into hinting at its future, jingling appearance, older people wakened from the apathy with which they had previously regarded it, and indulged in remarks and criticism.

"Has the seen that their new house o' Norford's?" men would ask each other, as they enjoyed their evening lounge over pailings and garden gates.

"Aye, to be sure," would be the answer. After this generally came a significant pause, and then a half-contemptuous, half-amused laugh.

"Eh! he's a rare chap, is Norford," usually came next. "He's a graily 'un, an' theer'll be rare doins 'th' new place when it's finished." And the chuckle which followed was just a shade suggestive of secret delight in the "rare doins" in question. In truth Floxham was not celebrated for its high standard of morality; but even Floxham felt some slight scruples concerning the social peculiarities of its great man. Respectable people shuddered, and held themselves aloof from him openly, and those who hovered between the shady and respectable, shrugged their shoulders, or laughed, to suit the society they were in when the man's name chanced to be mentioned.

"Norford," or "Jem Norford," Floxham, and the surrounding country called him; there was no need of a ceremonious prefix. He was not the kind of a man to demand one, and even if he had demanded it, he was not likely to get it. Twenty-five years before the foundation of the new house was dug, a ragged boy of ten had crept into the foundry which was Floxham's pulse, and had staggered and fallen in an apparently perishing condition, just within the circle of kindly warmth thrown out by the furnace fires. It was midnight, but this was one of the pushing seasons during which the pulse throbb'd day and night, and so the fainting lad had been found, and found barely in time to save life. He would say nothing for himself, but that he had been "on tramp" for weeks, and that he had eaten "next to nowt fur three days, and the cold had froze th' heart out o' him," and the glow of the furnace-fires and

attracted him to come in. From his reticence they gathered that he was a run-away, but his pinched, wan face, and a certain dogged courage in his answers, touched the hearts of the men who found him, and they shared their supper with him, let him sleep in a warm corner, and the next morning presented him to the master as a candidate for work.

Since that night he rarely had been absent a day from the place. He had labored, early and late, and had grumbled at no task given him to perform. The shrewd, bold child had become a shrewd bold man; and as the years went by he had been promoted from post to post, and had saved and managed until, by a sharp daring stroke, he had won his present position, and become master of his trade, master of the great foundry, and so master of Floxham's very self, and the daily bread also.

"I said I'd do it, an' I've done it," he said to the first man who congratulated him, on the first day of his accession to his full powers. "I ran away from the work-house my father drunk me into, when I was ten years old, an' I ran away because workhouse fare didn't suit me; an' I knew there was a place for me in th' world somewhere; if I'd work sharp enough for it, I tramped from Kent to Lancashire, an' starved and froze, an' well-nigh broke down; but when I found a place to set my foot in, I set it there, an' kept it there, an' I held my word to what I meant to do. I wish I knew where the chaps were as give me my first lift; they should have such a spree to-night as they wouldn't get over in a week;" and he laughed a queer, short laugh, which rather puzzled his hearer. "There's only two on em' left in th' foundry," he added, after a breath's pause. "It's twenty years since an' a chap didn't enter in twenty years," and he turned away suddenly, without saying more.

He behaved well enough to his work-people, and gave them all a fair chance.

"These hands of Jem Norford's will give him trouble some day," other foundry-men used to say; but the prophecy never came true; and once, when there was a strike in the country, Jem Norford marched straight into his foundry one morning, and made his hands, as they say, and faced them with the blink of an eye.

"Will me as I've done fairly, and as means to do fair by me, let me step into line."

There was not a ladder among them, and there was not one of them who offered through his faith; for Jem Norford armed every man, and armed himself, and warned the "Union" fairly by a unique union posted on walls and fences.

"The chap that plays tricks on Jem Norford's men, let him look out. There's six barrels to a man, and a bullet to each barrel, night and day; and there's twelve to Jem Norford, and the will to use them without stopping to ask questions."

(Signed)

JEM NORFORD.

And yet, despite defiant courage, and defiant justice, he was a bad fellow—Jem Norford.

"He's a plague-spot on the place; that fellow Norford," said the squire, "and he's all the worse because he's an honest rascal." If he was a cheat, or a liar, or a bully, Floxham would be better for it. But as it is, he riots and outrages all social laws, and lives a life to make decent people quake, and yet, somehow, hurts no one but himself; and only appears to the unthinking, uncultivated people to be a reckless fellow, going to the Fiend in his own way, and because he chooses.

When the new house was built, respectable Floxham fairly shook in its shoes. Jem Norford never forced himself upon them. They did not want him, and he did not want them.

He had a society of his own, and he confined himself to it. But hitherto he had lived in such a way as compelled him to leave Floxham when he was inclined to riot and evil-doing.

Now, however, he would have room and power to entertain his associates as he chose. Every order of sinner would find his way to the quiet village, and enjoy himself at Norford's expense. The great house was built to contain visitors, and no money was to be spared upon its appointments.

"I'm going to enjoy myself in my own way, lads," Norford announced, loudly.

Loads of furniture were brought from London, and a small army of proficient were at work continually. When it was finished, there would not be such another place in the whole country. London sent gardeners, also, and the grounds and conservatories were to be wonders.



[FIRST APPEARANCE OF BEBE.]

"I'm going to have it ship-shape," said Jem, with pardonable complacency. "An' I'm not such a idiot as to think I can manage it myself. Let them do it as knows how. Iron's my trade, and silks and satins, and velvets, is theirs. I can better afford to pay than to meddle."

So he left everything in the hands of the best firms, only keeping a sharp eye on results, and taking care there should be no loitering in the work. He dropped into the place every few days, and walked through the long, luxurious rooms, as if from a business-like sense of duty, and with the rueful air of a man who was far from feeling at home. The thick carpets, refusing to give back an echo to his tread, irritated him with their soundless softness. He was used to the clatter of metal, the whirr of machinery, and the roar of fires.

His life had been spent in a kind of harmless Inferno, and the delicate colours and rich, subdued lights were too novel to be entirely pleasant. Perhaps more than all, the faces in the pictures on his walls troubled him, the silent faces looking down at him with beautiful human eyes, whose beauty was still something more than human.

Sometimes he tried to avoid answering their gaze, but oftener they forced him to look up, and then he would pause a moment, and rub his hand confusedly over his rough, black hair, and pass on, feeling ill at ease.

"Seem to watch a fellow so, somehow," he would mutter.

One day he was absent from the foundry, and the next he drove up the lane before the new house, with a companion, whom he assisted to descend from the light carriage.

She was a woman, such as Floxham had never seen before; a woman with a fair face and large, languid eyes, and a proud air.

Her dress was faultless; a dress to deceive one into fancying that its cost was a mere nothing, and yet to hold one wondering at its perfection of taste. She gave her hand to Jem Norford, as if he had been her servant, and she walked through the broad sweep of gravel as if the things, which were so new to him, were a story old enough to be monotonous to her.

She walked through room after room, glancing here and there as if it were an effort to her not to appear wholly indifferent.

"Do you like it, Cicely?" Norford asked, after watching her askant for awhile. "Come, say something. You know it was you I wanted to please."

She smiled faintly, and then one saw that her beauty would grow with one's knowledge of it; for, though a little cold, the smile had a certain gentleness.

"You are very good," she answered. "And I do like it. It is not——" Then, correcting herself, hastily, "Is it your own taste?"

Jem Norford laughed.

"No," said he, "not a bit of it. I knew better than that. My taste wouldn't have been your style, Cicely; and I tell you it was you I wanted to please most; so, I gave the thing into proper hands, an' let 'em know I was willing to pay for good work."

"It was an excellent plan," she remarked, quietly. "I wish every man I know had as much good sense."

"Then it's better than Tom Wade's place?" suggested Jem.

"Wade is an idiot!" flushing slightly; "and a coarse one. He is one of the men I hate."

Jem Norford felt rather astonished, and showed as much.

"Why?" he asked.

Her answer was given somewhat impatiently.

"He has had a life full of opportunities, and he has thrown them all away, just because he is a weak impleton, with coarse instincts. Pout! Why should we speak of him?" cooling contemptuously. "Suppose you show me your flowers."

There were flowers in abundance to show. The grounds had been laid out as soon as the foundation was dug, and the gardeners had been at work constantly.

They wandered about until the sun set, and then they returned to the house.

"It is a pretty place," said Cicely, taking a last look, as she turned upon the threshold, and she said the words quite softly.

They were standing together, at one of the windows, a few minutes later, when they both became conscious of the presence of a small figure on the terrace, into which the window opened. It stood only a couple of feet from them, and was the figure of a child of five or six, who, bending her closely-curved head, busied herself with something that she held gathered up in her short apron.

"Halloo!" exclaimed Jem, in surprise. "I'm hanged if it isn't a young one."

"Don't frighten her," said Cicely, hurriedly. "Open the window! What is she doing?"

Jem opened the window, and at the sound, the child looked up, and they saw what she was doing. Her apron was full of roses, and it was plain she had just gathered them.

"I say, youngster," said Norford, with good-natured roughness, "who gave you those?" pointing to the flowers.

"Don't frighten her," said Cicely, again.

But she did not seem frightened, though she was a small child, even for five or six, and a frail bit of a creature, too.

She had round, soft eyes, which she fixed upon Jem Norford, in a fearless calm.

"I took them, monsieur," she said: "I am Bebe."

Jem turned a little awkwardly to his companion.

"What's the matter with her?" he asked. "She don't belong to Lancashire."

There was a kind of strained attention in the woman's face, as she answered him.

"No," she said. "She's French. Hush!"

She bent forward, and held out both her hands.

"Come here," she said, to the child.

It came, without hesitation, only keeping its eyes fixed on her face.

Jem Norford stood by, and looked on, while the woman bent down to bring herself upon a level with the child.

"Where do you live?" she asked.

"Here," was the reply. "I am Bebe," and she tucked a stray rose into the corner of her apron.

Then a light flashed upon Jem Norford.

"I'll tell you where she comes from," he broke out. "She belongs to the people at the lodge. The man who came to ask about the place, said there was a child, but not their own."

The child nodded, and smiled at him.

"Yes, I am Bebe, and I live here," she said, "in monsieur's garden."

Then she looked up at the pale face bending over her.

All at once, it seemed to Norford to have become a very pale face, indeed, and haggard, in spite of its beauty. And she spoke to it in a soft, hushed voice.

"Madame is—*is tres belle*," she said. "Madame is *tres belle*," and she touched the fair cheek with her little hand.

The woman quite started.

"Kiss me," she said, suddenly. "Kiss me—and go away."

When the child lifted her lips to bestow her caress, it was returned with a fervour almost impassioned, and then Cicely gave her a little push.

"There, take your roses home," she said. "It is getting dark."

Bebe turned away in smiling content, and trotted off into the twilight.

It was all over in a few minutes, and they were standing alone together, and Jem was conscious that his companion shook from head to foot, with a nervous tremor.

"What is the matter?" he asked, anxiously.

"Cicely, what is it?"

She had been watching the small figure out of sight, and she turned to him with a heavy breath.

"It is nothing," she answered. "It is nothing now. Only," with a piteous effort at a laugh, "the child there is a ghost."

CHAPTER II.

BEFORE the last finishing touch was given to the great house, its master had drifted into a most amiable intimacy with Bebe.

A certain degree of good-fellowship was established between them. It may have been that Jem Norford was a child-lover by nature, but if this was the case, the sentiment had never developed itself on any previous occasion.

He knew nothing of children and their ways, and had possibly scarcely spoken to a child in his life; but somehow he managed to advance steadily in the esteem of this little one.

He appeared on the threshold of the lodge a few days after his first brief interview with Bebe, and finding that young person sitting on the step, engaged in the manufacture of a daisy-chain, intended for the personal adornment of her cat, he stopped short, and looked down at her, feeling somewhat curious, and, at the same time, somewhat abashed at her sage demeanour.

In fact, it was Bebe he had come to see, though he could not have told why. It had just occurred to him, as he entered the gates, that he should like to see "the youngster," and so he turned in. But, having arrived at this point, he did not find it easy to get further.

He would have felt less embarrassed, perhaps, if the child had belonged to the ordinary, round, rosy, and cherubic order. But she did not. She was small, and frail, and pale, and a certain seriousness seemed to brood upon her little face.

She looked too old for her age, and too sedate; even her attire had a style of its own, its principal feature being the quaint black blouse and white cap, worn by so many of the French working classes. The white cap fitting round her face, gave her a more serious air still, almost the air of an infantine nun who had abjured the world.

"I say," said Jem, at last, "how are you?"

She recognised him at once, he saw. She dropped her daisy-chain.

"Where is the beautiful mademoiselle?" she asked.

"She's a very long way from here," replied Jem, awkwardly.

Bebe pointed up the gravel-walk.

"Will she not live there, with monsieur—in the big house?"

Jem shifted his feet uneasily, and reddened.

"No," he said, "she won't. But she'll come there. She's a friend of mine. But, I say," hastily, "how are you?"

Bebe sighed, and returned to her daisies.

"I have the bad, bad head, this morning," she answered. "It aches. I wish mademoiselle had come with you."

"Why?" asked Jem.

"She is good," said Bebe. "She is beautiful. Her hands are soft, and she kissed me."

There was a pause after this, in which Jem found himself somewhat ignored. But as he waited a brilliant idea occurred to him. He put his hand into his pocket, and drew forth a bright, new shilling.

"See here, little 'un," he said, "here's something to buy snaps with—ginger."

Then Bebe was plainly moved. It was such a new shilling, so bright and alluring. She glanced at it, and then at Jem, and rose, and called to some one in the house in a shrill, little voice:

"Julie! Julie!"

The Julie in question, who was a plump young French woman, and no other than the gate-keeper's wife, appeared upon the spot as soon as she could make her way from the back part of the house, and seeing Norford, overwhelmed him with her pretty apologies for keeping him waiting. She had been cutting vegetables for her soup, and had not seen or heard monsieur, she said.

"But I haven't been waiting," said Norford. "I didn't want anything. I was talking to—what's her name? What is her name?"

"We have always called her Bebe," replied the woman. "She does not know any other name, but," dropping her voice, abruptly, "she was baptised, of course, and the name I gave her was Cecillie."

"Cecillie," said Norford. "That's pretty near Cicely, by Jove. She's not your's, is she?"

No, she was not their's, but like their own, nevertheless. She had no parents, and was all alone in the world; and they had cared for her from the first. Would monsieur be seated?

No, monsieur would not. He was on his way to take a turn through the house.

And then, with a clumsy off-handedness, he displayed the new shilling.

"I've been telling her she could buy snaps with that," he said. "She's a queer little fish. Let her spend it, and let her run about the place, and do what she pleases. She won't hurt nothing. Good-day, ma'am."

He touched his hat, and strode away; but before he had taken many steps, he heard pattering feet, and a small hand plucked at his coat.

It was Bebe, and she raised herself upon her two tips with an unmistakable meaning. Two or three seconds elapsed before Norford summoned courage to bend down; and having done so, he lifted his head, with a very red face.

"You're a queer fish," he said. "Good-bye, young 'un, an' much obliged," and he walked away, flushed and hurried.

This was the beginning of the acquaintance, and the rapidity and steadiness of its progress was wonderful.

The time came when Norford never passed the lodge without stopping to exchange a word with the child, or hand her some trifle—a flaming picture-book, or a toy, or a toothsome token of friendly feeling, all of which Bebe received with demonstrations of gratitude.

She was never very talkative, but Norford found her a peculiarly attractive companion. She got into the habit of following him about the house and grounds like a dog.

She seemed at least to consider him her own personal property, and people became accustomed to the sight of Jem Norford roaming about the place with the small figure by his side, or trotting at his heels composedly.

"A curious freak!" observers remarked.

"Thank Heaven, it is not a bad one!" added the squire, devoutly.

It was a nondescript crowd enough, whose carriages rolled up the drive on the night of Jem Norford's house-warming.

There were handsome faces and haggard ones; coarse faces and singularly refined ones.

There were men and women who were both young and old; but there was not a Floxhamite among them, and there was not a face which had not a suggestion of hardness in its lines, whether it was fair or faded.

The men were well-dressed men, and the women carried their silks, and velvet, and lace, as if they were used to their splendour.

The handsomest woman of all was the latest arrival.

A small, dark brongham, whose servants wore the simplest of liveries, drove up at the eleventh hour, and Jem Norford himself appeared on the spot to meet its occupant.

A sweet, cold face, and a blaze of diamonds, shone out upon him from the darkness into the light, and then the woman, ascending the steps, stood smiling faintly at the greeting of her host.

"By Jove, Cicely!" he exclaimed. "How well you look!"

"Well?" she answered. "Or handsome? Which is it?"

"It's handsome," he confessed, "now I come to look at you again. It's not well. You're white, by Jove—under—"

"Under the rouge," she ended for him, with a laugh. "Don't be afraid to speak the truth to me, Jem, but don't tell the other women."

She laid her hand lightly upon his arm, and he led her forward.

As they passed the half-opened door of one of the rooms, she started back, and uttered an exclamation.

"What frightened you?" asked Jem. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"There is that child again?" she answered.

"What is it doing here? It put its head out of the door, and started me."

And sure enough, the door was pushed open slowly, to its full width, and Bebe stood upon the threshold, wide-eyed, black-bloused, white-capped, and grave as usual.

Jem laughed, half-confusedly.

"Halloo!" he said. "I'd forgotten her in the row and bustle. 'She's a friend of mine by this time, Cicely. We're good friends, us and Bebe. Ain't we, youngster? I told the lodge-keeper to bring her up to the house, an' let her see the fire on the quiet. I say, shrimp, how do you like it?"

But Cicely hurried him past the child, in spite of his inclination to stop.

"Never mind stopping to talk to her," she said. "You will be missed, and the child looks half-frightened. Children don't always like to be noticed by strangers."

"But I'm not a stranger to her," returned Jem,

interested in the subject, as Cicely had never seen him interested in anything before. "She's not afraid of me, by George! No more than I am of her. Fact is," sheepishly, and dropping his voice, "Fact is, I don't know but what I am a bit afraid of her now an' then. I don't know much about youngsters, but I don't fancy as she's like most on 'em. Danged if she doesn't say her prayers night an' mornin', an' sing hymn-tunes as well; an'—an'—"
his laugh quite an unsteady affair. "One day she asked me who I said mine to. It upset me a bit, you see, acsin' as she looked so innocent about it, an' I didn't know what to say."

"What did you say?" asked Cicely.

"Told her as I didn't have no one to say 'em too; an' then— Well, hanged if she didn't tell me I'd better say 'em to her, and wanted me to kneel down an' say 'em then an' there. I don't know how I should have got out of it, if it hadn't have been for her mother."

"Then she has a mother?"

"A kind of one," said Jem. "Her own mother's dead, but the woman as keeps her is a good soul, though she is French, and has a furri' religion."

Men and women glanced at the two as they entered the room, some smilingly, some angrily, some with bold and ready admiration.

But no sign of any feeling displayed itself in the cold face at Norford's side.

Jem himself looked for a moment both awkward and conscious. His skin reddened, and he made a desperate effort to appear at ease.

Ignorant as he was, he knew just how contemptuously two or three pairs of coldly smiling eyes were fixed on him. He quite understood the half sneer, cleverly uttered under breath by the men who spent his money, and the women who accepted his hospitality, and laughed at him. He was sharp enough to know they did laugh, and that even the most honest of them had their jest at his expense. But not Cicely—not Cicely, who made no professions, and no graceful speeches, and who was cold and bitter when she chose, without pretence. No man had ever dared to sneer at him in Cicely's presence, after the first had tried it.

"Don't say such things as that to me," she had said, fixing her icy glance upon him. "It does not suit me to hear them. He is not a liar, and he is not a braggart coward. His life is bad and riotous, but you know there are men who would scarcely find it safe to compare records with him. As for me, shall I tell you that there have been moments when I have been tempted to respect him by comparison? No one else has so tempted me."

Perhaps her pride and beauty acted as a slight restraint upon the less refined of the company, and held them in check.

The outward demeanour of the guests would possibly have surprised respectable Floxhamites, who rather expected that the Norford festivities would be, after a manner, Bacchanalian orgies, especially after supper.

The gaiety was at its height, and Cicely was looking on with a wearied air, when she felt something touch her elbow timidly, and, turning round, she saw that a strange element had introduced itself among them, the most incongruous of all elements in such an assemblage—the child, Bebe, who stood looking up into her face with earnest admiration and evident confidence.

Of course, the rest saw her too, the next moment; and at the discovery of the quaint childish figure, a shout of laughter broke forth.

But Cicely did not laugh. There was in her face a suggestion of uncontrollable emotion, a kind of startled pain and surprise.

"How has she found her way into the room?" she said, hurriedly, to Norford. "She has no right here. Send her away; she ought to be in bed. What do her people mean?"

"No, don't send her away," cried one of the men. "Make her talk! Let her stay! This is a new sensation."

"Send her away!" commanded Cicely, in an impatient undertone.

But Bebe was too sure of her position in the household.

Her familiarity with its master had accustomed her to its splendour, and she was not afraid of the glitter and many faces.

Her sweet treble piped out clear and distinctly above the amused clamour.

"I came here to find mademoiselle," she said. "The pretty mademoiselle. I saw her."

Norford laughed in open delight at the boldness of his protégé.

"That's her, all over!" he said. "She never forgets nothin'. She's took a fancy to you, Cicely, that's plain."

"I wanted to see mademoiselle," announced Bebe

again. "She is beautiful, and the pretty beads on her neck shine so! I know who mademoiselle is," she added, nodding her head confidently.

"Who?" asked Norford, tossing her a bunch of grapes. "Let's hear."

"I know!" with another nod. "She is the sister of monsieur." "His sister."

A slight laugh broke out round the table, and died out awkwardly.

A scarlet flush started to Cicely's cheek, and then paled.

"She is monsieur's sister," repeated the child. "She came to see monsieur's house, and she kissed me. And monsieur said her name was Cicely. I know. Mademoiselle, why do you not kiss me again?"

Cicely bent and touched her cheek lightly with her lips.

Bebe put both hands upon her sister's lap, and looked up at her, reassured.

"May I stay?" she asked. "If I may, I will sing for you. I sing for monsieur often."

A sort of hush fell upon the company.

The novelty of the situation impressed them, and something in the look of the two faces at the head of the table.

"Don't let her!" said Jem, in sudden protest. "She sings them things they sing in churches and—" with a glance round, which defied even the suggestion of a sneer—"this isn't a church."

Cicely answered him with a slow, bitter smile.

"Nay, don't stop her!" she said. "It won't hurt us, nor her, thank Heaven! Let her think well of us, if she will. Sing your hymn, Bebe—even to us."

Bebe was quite ready.

It was her habit to sing to Jem, and she knew no fear.

She had a staid fancy that she must pay her fee of admission to this enchanted land; and so, holding her grapes in her blouse, and fixing her gaze on Cicely, she sang, with the voice of a bird, while Jem played nervously with the handle of his knife, and Cicely leaned her head upon her hand, and listened.

O, Dieu! ma bouche balboretie,
Ce nom, des anges redoute,
Un enfant même est écouté
Dans le chœur qui le glorifie.

On dit que c'est toi qui produis
Les fleurs dont le jardin se pare,
Et que sans foi, toujours avare
Le verger n'aurait point de puits.

Donne aux malades le santon
Au mendicant le pain qu'il pleure
A l'orphelin une de mesure
Au prisonnier la liberté.

Her hymn finished, Bebe turned her attention to her grapes, feeling that she had done all that could be required of her.

She was a practical little body upon the whole, with a simple appreciation of the good things of life. She turned naturally to Jem, and leaned against his knee, enjoying her prize at her leisure, and answering his forced smiles with complacence.

The men and women who had listened to her song, sat in uneasy silence for a few moments. There may have been those among them who felt some long, untouched cord thrill anew and strongly, but they were not prone to emotional display; and, after a brief and rather trying pause, laughter and jest struggled to the surface, and reigned predominant. It is easier to laugh than to weep—always.

When reaction had fully set in, Bebe was half-forgotten, save by Norford, who had in truth, understood nothing of her innocent piping, save its subtle thrill and purity.

"I don't know what it means," he had said, in a low voice, to Cicely. "I never do, unless she tells me in her way, but I know it goes through a chap somehow."

Almost before the echo died in the room, Cicely's chair was empty.

She rose silently, and was gone before any one but Norford was aware of her intention.

Jem stood staunchly by his protégé, and let her amuse herself as she would, until she was tired. It did not take long to tire her: in course of half an hour there was a significant silence for a few minutes, and then the white cap nodded forward until it rested on Jem's knee, and Bebe was asleep. Jem stooped gravely, and picked her up. He carried her out of the room, and into the servants' hall, to the great alarm and confusion of the bewildered Julie.

"Sainted mother!" exclaimed the latter. "I left the child asleep hours ago, on the hearth-rug in the housekeeper's room. Mon Dieu! how could such a calamity have come about? The wicked one must

have awakened and strayed away. Pardon, monsieur, a thousand pardons."

"She's done so harm," remarked Norford, "Put her to bed in one of the rooms. Don't carry her out into the night air," and he delivered her over with tender care and deliberation.

Then he went in search of Cicely, but she was not in the house, and it was not until he went out into the grounds that he found her—a white figure, crouching in the darkness and dew, upon a rustic seat, beneath a tree.

She raised herself at his approach, shivering and impatient.

"There was no need to come," she said; "I came here to be alone."

"It's too cold for you, Cicely," he ventured.

"Yes, it's cold," she answered. "I wish it was Death's cold," she added, through her closed teeth.

Feeling himself unable to cope with her mood, Norford remained silent. He was something unstrung himself, also. The noise and laughter inside jarred upon him; he wished it was all over, and his guests had left him. Money and power had not brought him all he had fancied they would bring. Grandeur, in prospect, had been much less pleasant than its reality.

After all, what did these "chaps" inside care for him, when his wine was drunk, and his suppers were things of the past?

Somewhat, and a queer crank it was, as he put it mentally, the child that lay asleep in one of his luxurious rooms, had moved him to a vague feeling of disgust with his life and belongings.

"Cicely," he said, slowly, and as if questioning himself even as he spoke, "seems to me as well as both out of sorts with things in the same way."

She looked up at him, sad and wearily. She understood him as few women would have done.

They were very far apart, and yet they were akin, in a certain sense, after all.

"No," she answered, "not quite in the same way! Mine's a bitterer way than yours, Jem; it's a woman's way."

(To be Continued.)

FAETIÆ.

"A GOOD JUDGE TOO."

BRITISH WORKMAN: Well, anyhow Union means strength, don't it?

PARTY (with vast workhouse experience). Well I dunno; I've tried often, and I fun' it just the reverse!

JUDY.

GLASSES AND GLASSES.—"Why," said a husband to his wife, "are you always looking in the glass?" "Because, my dear, was the answer, "the glass I look into enables me to improve my personal appearance; the one you look into only degrades you."

THAT MOUSTACHE.—He was a very young man. A few stray hairs upon his lip attested the fact that he was engaged in a deadly struggle with a moustache. He went into a variety store and said to the proprietor:

"Have you Charles Reade's 'Lost Hair'?"

"No, I haven't," replied the storekeeper. "But," he continued, looking into the young man's face, "I've got something that will make that moustache of yours start out like boils in spring-time."

HIS DIGNITY.—A ragged and uncouth alms-asker was begging of pedestrians yesterday, when a policeman asked him why he didn't go to the poor-house.

"I go to the poor-house!" exclaimed the old man.

"Why, yes. It would be much better than begging."

"You keep away from me, sir!" growled the vagrant. "A man who will deliberately advise me to degrade my character, and stain my honour, is an unsafe officer, sir."

CAN'T TELL.—There is some science, a little mystery, and a good deal of uncertainty about the game of croquet. The other day, when a clergyman made an evening call on one of his congregation and was invited to play a game, he was only too glad, remarking that such social games served sometimes to place pastor and parishioner on a more friendly footing. Before the first game was out, a young lady hit him in the back with her mallet; he fell over an arch, and two of the players decided never to darken his church again, on account of his cheating. In the midst of croquet you can't tell where you are.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE SOCIAL WORLD.

1. A Box of Figs, or a Pottle of Strawberries, with the biggest at the bottom.

2. A Railway Guard or Porter, who will decline to take a tip, on the ground, that all gratuities are rigidly forbidden by the bye-laws of the Company.

3. An advertised Plain Cook, whose plainness prevents her having any followers.

4. Your own Umbrella in its stand, after some good friend has borrowed it.

5. A Keeper of a Lodging-house who, if you complain of fleas, can refrain from a loud protest that you must have brought them with you.

6. A Costermonger or Cabman who, instead of a pair of spectacles, has the pluck to wear an eye-glass or a pair of spectacles.

7. A Young Man of the Period who never calls things "awful laws," or talks about the Governor.

PUNCH.

"SATISFACTORY!"

MISTRESS: "Well, Jessie, I am going into Mairne, and will see your mother. Can I give her any message from you?"

JESSIE (her first place): "Oh, Ma'am, you can't just say I'm unco-well pleased wi' ye!"

PUNCH.

AT LOMB'S.

WHAT a young lady says.—I do so like cricket matches, they are so pretty, and I am quite awed about them. But do tell me why are they running after that ball; and is it really necessary to put three bits of stick near the bowlers with their bats? You didn't know I knew something about it now, did you? Thank you so much, I will take a little more champagne cup. No, I don't like it, I have got some lobster salad. Oh, do, smoke. I am a bit fond of the smoke of a cigar in the open air! I don't know you must tell me all the news.

WHAT a Dowager says.—I shall certainly keep my umbrella up, in spite of shutting out the view from a carriage-load behind me. I really must think of myself in this hot weather a little.

WHAT a Young Man says.—Really too bad of that old woman to put up an umbrella, eh? Can't be any good to her, don't you know. Nonsense to think she wants to keep her complexion. Got no complexion at all, don't you know? Haven't had one I should think, for the last twenty years, eh, don't you know?

WHAT an Old School-fellow says.—Hallo, my boy, why it's you! Haven't seen you for twenty years! "How fat you've got!" Why what need we call you? Oh, "Nosey," to be sure.

WHAT Angelina says.—My dear Edwin, you don't mean to say you were ever called "Nosey"? How you have deceived me!

WHAT Edwin says.—Hang that fellow!

WHAT a Good Boy says.—My dear father, this is a very painful sight! It grieves me to see two-and-twenty young men spending in recreation time that might be so usefully employed in study!

WHAT a Bad Boy says.—Look here, old man, let's give the gun for the ship, and have some more grub!

WHAT Everybody says.—Capital way to spend a summer's day pleasantly.

PUNCH.

WHY is "keep your powder dry" like a Russian town?—Because it's a Warsaw.

FUN.

"LABOR ET INGENIUM."

LADY: "Are those the hardest boot-brushes you have?"

SHOPKEEPER: "Oh, yes, m'. Fact is, m', they're generally considered too hard for boots, m', and are used by laundresses to scrub gent's shirts and collars, m'. They're the hardest brushes made, m'."

FUN.

OWEN YOUNG YET.

OLD MACSAINFLINT (reading): "Heck, Becky, dinna ye ken the date? Why, it's our golden wedding! We must just ha'e a bit celebration wi' a few friends."

MRS. MACS: "Na-na, gude-man! Dinna ye think it would be mair prouder to wait till our next?"

FUN.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE FUTURE GOVERNMENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

That the Academicians do, in future, be elected by the public. At the nearest "public."

That the Academicians do elect the Associates.

That the Associates do elect the Academicians.

That either do neither, and that neither do either.

(This is optional.)

That a Committee of Artists, not Academicians or Associates, be appointed to watch over the interests of the outsiders, and that such Committee be sworn to consider an outsider better person than an Academy man of either class, and to see him hanged first.

That this Committee do be paid for its services from the Trust Fund of Burlington House, and that each Committee-man be entitled to the privilege of bringing in two or more friends to lunch. Beer at all hours, and bird's-eye for choice.

That several lay figures be elected Academicians, lay figures not to be considered lay members.

That lay members be entitled to carry all their eggs in one basket, and to reckon their chickens accordingly.

That all persons eminent in the world of Art be made lay members.

That a purchasing power, of not less than three figures to always constitute eminence.

That the pictures be rebung once a month during the exhibition.

That the second judgment and hanging be vested in the hands of the Outsiders' Committee. (Vengeance!)

That all members of the Court of Common Council be allowed a voice in the arrangement of future Academic affairs. ("The City has always encouraged art.")

That art critics of tried circulation be allowed to compete for lay membership. No previous knowledge required.

That the Lord Mayor, for the time being, be appointed Vice-President of the Council.

That Lord Mayor Cotton be made for life. (He always had a predilection for art, and a fondness for artists.)

That Mr. A. J. Berrard Hope, M.P., be appointed Assistant-Chaplain, with the right of saying "Blessed grace."

That double the present amount of line-space be given to Academicians. (As an amendment: That none of the present amount of line-space be given to Academicians.)

That every Academician be compelled to exhibit sixteen pictures. (As an amendment: That no Academician be allowed to exhibit at all.)

That ten per cent. of the purchase money be added to the fund by all painters exhibiting portraits. (As an amendment: That the percentage be expended in beer and bird's-eye.)

An impudent adventurer having married an heiress, a wit remarked that the bridegroom's brass was outshone by the bride's tin.

"PY SCHIMINY, how dot you sound de languages?" is what a delighted elderly German said when his four-year-old son called him a blue-eyed son of a saw horse.

If gentlemen persist in wearing such immense standing collars, they ought to attach photographs of the "pink" to the lapels of their coats, so passers by could tell who are behind the immense barricades of fine linen.

At a large party the other evening, while a young lady was playing the piano with peculiar touch, a bystander remarked, "I'd give the world for her fingers." He was greatly taken aback by her reply that he might have the whole hand—for his own.

Two little girls—each about ten years old, and each left in charge of a baby by her mother—were overheard the other day by a lady to discourse as follows:

"Jane, can you tell a good story?"

"Why, Susie. Why?"

"Cause, if you can, you take your baby and I'll take mine, and we'll both go round begging, and tell folks we're widows, and a starving, and we shall get lots of money given to us!"

A DOUBLE DISAPPOINTMENT.

STERN HOSTESS (who is giving Private Theatricals): "You are very late, Mr. Fitz Smythe. They've begun long ago!"

LANGUID PERSON OF IMPORTANCE (who abominates that particular form of Entertainment): "What! You don't mean to say they're at it still!"

—Punch.

STATISTICS.

A RETURN of the revenue for the year 1875-6 derived from fermented and spirituous liquors has been issued. The total is £33,012,192, of which £21,295,663 is from spirits; £7,654,806 from malt; £1,753,037 from wine; £3,697 from Customs' duty on beer; £506,790 from sugar used in brewing; and £1,798,199 from excise licenses.

ENDOWED CHARITIES.—A return has been obtained by Parliament from the Charity Commissioners of the "general charities" mentioned in the fourteenth report of the Commissioners. From a summary given at the end of the return it appears that the total gross income of these charities is £216,556. 5s. 5d. The "objects of foundation or purposes to which the income is applicable" are as follows:—Education,

£147,839. 11s. 8d.; apprenticing and advancement, £24,334. 9s. 9d.; endowments of clergy, lectures and sermons, £35,215. 14s. 6d.; Church purposes, £1,551 17s.; maintenance of Dissenting places of worship and their ministers, £23,913. 2s. 11d.; education of dissenters, £9,281.; public uses, £2,901. 16s. 3d.; support of almshouses, and their inmates, and pensioners, £140,345. 14s. 6d.; distribution of articles in kind, £804. 4s. 7d.; distribution of money, £368. 5s. 3d.; general uses of poor, £26,945. 14s. 1d.; medical, £180,055. 6s. 6d.; loans, £388. 10s. The same return gives the total gross incomes of the London endowed hospitals and other institutions as follows:—St. Bartholomew's Hospital, £46,668. 3s. 4d.; and the Samaritan Hospital, £397. 14s. 6d.; the Charterhouse, £30,656. 0s. 11d.; Christ's Hospital, £53,110. 19s. 3d. (exclusive of several charities under the management of the governors); King Edward's School, formerly the Bridwell Hospital, £8,634. 5s.; Bethlehem Hospital, £16,818. 7s. 4d.; and a foundation for incurable patients, £27,314. 5s. 4d.; St. Thomas's Hospital, £39,832. 2s. 6d. The Foundling Hospital, £11,465. 9s. 11d. (exclusive of the Benevolent Fund, £148. 4s. 8d., and the Wharfedale Fund, £22. 17s.). Guy's Hospital, £50,662. 5s. 10d.; St. Katherine's Hospital, £6,931. 10s. 4d.; St. Paul's Schools, £11,264. 16s. 10d.; St. Luke's Hospital, £4,476. 4s. 7d.; There is also in the return a list of forty charities under the Corporation of London.

TURNING A CORNER.

Turning a corner! A hazardous thing;
Easy, perhaps, to a bird on the wing;
But to poor mortals, shortighted and rash,
Eager for business, or cutting a dash,
Subject to blasts from a merciless climate,
Coming velocipedes, racing on time,
Runaway horses, or anything brisk,
Turning a corner is running a risk.

Turning a corner in trade often brings
Man face to face with the most stubborn things—

Facts never thought of, till rushing on, fast
Mounding the sharp point, he gets the full blast,
North wind, or South wind, as fortune may blow,

Making or marring his prospects below;
Trademen within, or tired traveller without,
Turning a corner is facing a doubt!

Turning a corner! Oh, maiden, beware!
Time, the great artist, may silver your hair.

Carve the deep wrinkles, and dim the bright eye!
Look to your "chances," and choose, ere they fly—

Choose, and "despise not the day of small things,"
Time is no laggard, and uses his wings.

Let not ambition and pride prove a snare—
Turning a corner, oh, maidens beware!

Turning a corner in life, to us all,
Rich, and the poor, and the great, and the small,

Whether we tarry or hasten, our pace
Alters our prospects, in changing our base—
Often in home life, or business, or purse—
Proving a blessing, or proving a curse;

Look to it, travellers and pilgrims en route,
Turning a corner is facing a doubt!

M. A. K.

GEMS.

PLEASURE is to women what the sun is to the flower; if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshes, and it improves; if immoderately, it withers, desolates, and destroys.

POWER will intoxicate the best hearts as wine the strongest heads. No man is wise enough or good enough to be trusted with unlimited power; for whatever qualifications he may have obtained to entitle him to the possession of such a dangerous privilege, yet, when possessed, others can no longer answer for him, because he can no longer answer for himself.

SUCH is the complaint of almost all men who consider existence in reference to the use they do make of it, and not to that which they ought to make. It is indeed short, if it be only computed by its agreeable moments. If all the hours passed in pleasure were collected together a life of a great number of years would scarcely furnish one of a few weeks.

It is far from being true, in the progress of knowledge, that after every failure we must recommence from the beginning. Every failure is a step to success; every detection of what is false directs us towards what is true; every trial exhausts some tempting from error. Not only so; but scarcely any attempt is entirely a failure; scarcely any theory, the result of steady thought is altogether false; no tempting form of terror is without some latent charm derived from truth.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

DOMESTIC YEAST.—Boil one pound of good flour, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and a little salt, in two gallons of water, for one hour. When milk warm, bottle it and cork it close. It will be fit for use in twenty-four hours. One pint of this yeast will make eighteen pounds of bread.

POTATO YEAST.—Boil three large potatoes, and mash them fine; stir into them one cup of flour, one tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoonful brown sugar, one quart of boiling water, then add a cup of yeast when the mixture is lukewarm. When well fermented, cork tightly, and keep in a cool place. A tablespoonful to a small loaf of bread.

APPLES FRUIT.—Mix a thick batter with six well-beaten eggs, a pint of milk, a little powdered nutmeg, a glass of brandy, and fine flour enough to make it of the requisite consistency. Slice some good dressing apples into rounds, and dip each piece into the batter; then fry, in very hot lard, over a quick fire. The lard should smoke before the fritters are put in, otherwise they will not be of good colour.

SUN-BURN.—We not only include freckles under this head, but also these larger brown patches which likewise arise from exposure to the direct rays of the sun, and those large dusky patches which are very similar in appearance, but assume other parts of the surface of the body, and are constantly covered. Solutions of white vitriol and precipitated sulphur have been efficaciously used. A more simple remedy is a lotion of alcohol in its pure state, or diluted with some distilled water, or with the addition of a few drops of hydrocyanic (Prussian) acid, if the skin be at all irritable. The spots may even be dabbed two or three times a day with the diluted mineral acids, in the proportion of about a drachm of the strong sulphuric acid to a pint of water, or the same quantity of muriatic acid to half a pint. A solution of perchloride of mercury (corrosive sublimate) in the emulsion of bitter almonds, in the proportion of one grain of the salt and six fluid ounces of the emulsion, will be found efficacious.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It is stated that orders have been issued at Gibraltar recalling all officers on leave, and that very active war preparations are being made there.

A BRONZE statue of Lord Byron is to be erected in the Green Park, opposite the house where he wrote "The Siege of Corinth."

A MAN, who had falsely used the title of doctor of medicine and surgeon, has been prosecuted for this offence at the instance of the East London Medical Protection Association, and fined by the Thames police magistrate £20, and £2 4s. 6d. costs.

THE BUNYAN GATES.—At Bedford, recently, a pair of massive bronze gates, containing ten bas-reliefs of scenes from the Pilgrim's Progress, was presented to the Bunyan Church and congregation, by Mrs. Hobson, the wife of the Mayor of Bedford. Thanks were voted to the Duke of Bedford for his gift.

THE FRENCH papers give the following analysis of the nationalities of contributors to the Salon:—Italians, 64; Belgians, 65; Dutch, 22; English, 24; Danes, 17; Americans, 18; Spaniards, 19; Germans, 18; Austrians, 20; Swiss, 37; Swedes, 15; Poles, 14; Russians, 21; Portuguese, 2; Turks, 2; Greeks, 3; Egyptians, 1.

GRAVEL WALKS.—The destruction of worms and insects, by means of salt, is an effectual preservative of the beauty of gravel walks. Where worms rise much in the morning, strew a moderate quantity of salt over night, if the weather be dry. When your trees or borders are out of crop, strew salt on them to destroy the nests of insects, &c. Insects in old walls might be destroyed with salt brine and a syringe. On the rough trunks of old trees, the same liquid may destroy some eggs lodged therein in autumn, or larvae in spring; also it may be tried in destroying caterpillars, though in some cases salt itself is to be preferred.

It is intended to erect a monument to the memory of the late Francois Desak at Duda-Pesth.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FRED.—Fourteen is the age for entry into the Royal Navy.

A LONDON GIRL.—The writing is very indifferent in regularity of style and would not be considered written with sufficient care for a position in any business. If you desire a position of medical nurse, you can do so by application to a training school, which are in connection with most of the hospitals in the metropolis.

MARY J. H.—It would be a very imprudent act to do no engagement having been recognised by your family. And you appear not to be on visiting terms as a friend of his family.

ROSE.—There is a list kept at the Civil Service Offices of those who are in receipt of pensions, but we do not know whether you can obtain the address of any of the recipients.

FREDRICK may meet with what he requires by applying to some theatrical agents in town or country.

F. F.—What is called a squint, or cast in the eye, may be cured without an operation. Wear over the eye small pasteboard funnels, fastened on like a pair of spectacles. The eyes that squint must look through the funnel, or not be able to see at all. In its efforts to see it will gradually lose the cast; in fact, will be obliged to educate itself to look straight, just as a raw recruit is drilled to walk like a soldier.

EDWARD DARLING was certainly a little too premature. A lady should never show herself too eager to win the affections of a gentleman; things too cheaply purchased are never properly appreciated. It is the same with gentlemen; they value those ladies the most who give them the most trouble to win. Love at first sight is never a lasting love, so you cannot be surprised if the gentleman has changed his mind; if he wished to continue the correspondence, he would have answered your last letter. The proper course for you to take is to write for the return of your carte-de-visite.

J. C.—Brigham Young was born at Whitingham, Vermont, June 1, 1801, and was the son of a farmer who had served in the Revolutionary War. He joined the Mormons at Kirtland, Ohio, about 1832, and was made an elder soon after, and in 1835 was appointed one of the twelve apostles sent out to preach the new doctrine. He succeeded Joseph Smith as the head of the sect in 1844, the latter having been killed by a mob while in jail at Carthage, Mo.

JANE.—Yes, crimping the hair is going out of fashion; but you are mistaken if you fancy it is only a modern practice. Even the Romans used crimping-irons, which, however, were not like ours, being merely like large pliers, round which the hair was turned. Towards the end of the twelfth century, our ancestors curled their hair with these, bound it with fillets or ribbons, and went abroad without hats to show it.

HARRY wants to know what he shall do to make himself more agreeable to the ladies, as it is the height of his ambition to be a "ladies' man." Every gentleman should certainly be as polite and obliging to his lady friends as possible; but we can't say that we think your ambition a very laudable one. Let us just whisper in your ear that the so-called "ladies' men" are seldom popular with women possessing any brains, and that, with the well-known perversity of their sex, ladies generally prefer the gentlemen opposite to the kind which you are so desirous of copying. Just relinquish this ambition of yours.

DONALD M.—If you had looked through our back numbers, you would have found several recipes for promoting the growth of the hair. Try the one which mixes equal parts of olive oil and spirits of rosemary, adding a few drops of oil of nutmeg. Apply to the hair every night, and it will gradually increase in strength and growth.

JULIUS.—What rubbish to tell us that your heart is broken! If you had said that your head was cracked, we would have believed you. A month hence you will have forgotten all about her.

ANNA L., three years ago, engaged to a fair gentleman; but, owing to her love of flirting, they were separated, and have not spoken to each other since. Now she has an offer from a dark gentleman; would it be right for her to accept him, knowing all the time the fair gentleman was the one she really loved? A delicate question to decide. To enter the marriage state with a falsehood blighting the tongue is one of the sure ways to misery. But is Anna quite convinced that her former affection still survives? After a lapse of three years, the senti-

ment may be nothing stronger than a tender recollection. Anna must examine her own heart well, and decide for herself. The fair gentleman not having sought a reconciliation for three years, may be said to have long ago ceased to have any regard for her. See what flirting ends in! The dark gentleman being in love, Anna must consider whether it would not be better to tell him everything. He may prove generous—if so, Anna is certain to return his love before the honeymoon has waned.

CONSTANCE.—It is not only a breach of etiquette of courtship, but unmanly and indecorous of an engaged young gentleman to correspond with other young ladies, other than relatives, or to be seen frequently in public with them. An engaged bachelor has voluntarily resigned all the special privileges he enjoyed when wandering through society like another Celoeba.

A PREPLEXED BOY.—Your letter has interested us. You are evidently a boy of superior abilities, and of a naturally good disposition. Tell your employer the exact truth about your past career, and what influence led you into it. Never mind the persecution of your relations. Avoid them; do your duty faithfully; go to church on Sundays; associate with good people; study useful books as you have opportunity, and you will be successful, useful and respectable.

A. M.—Stick to your business and do not permit yourself to be drawn off by seeming prospects to make brilliant speculations. One reverse would sweep away everything you have; and worse than that, it might leave you restless, restless and incapable of honest industry. The moral effect of indulgence in illegitimate speculation is worse than pecuniary disaster; for it too often leaves a man a mere wreck upon the current of life, floating helplessly hither and thither, until he plunges into the vortex of destruction and is seen and heard of no more.

THE EAGLE AND THE COCK.

An Eagle, once upon a time,
Descended from his realm sublime
Among the clouds and mountain heights,
And, flying earthward, soon alights
Upon a peasant's cottage, thence,
He drops upon the barn-yard fence,
And, at his leisure, views the race
Of common poultry in the place.
What could he want—the haughty king,
So keen of sight, so strong of wing?
Tis certain, no State affair
Could have brought him there.
No! 'twas his whim; and human kings
Have done the like capricious things.
"Is that,"—exclaimed a strutting Cock,
(Glimpsing with pride among the flock
Of thrifty wives)—"is that the bird
Of which we all so much have heard?
Is that the sovereign of our race,
Who stares Apollo in the face?
The Eagle whom no man can tame?
I wonder whence he gets his fame?
Don't we possess, as well as he,
Two wings to fly, two eyes to see,
Two legs to walk?—Were I to try,
By Jove! I fancy I could fly
(The distance is not so immense)
To where he sits upon the fence!"
Such words as these at length provoke
The royal bird, and thus he spoke:
"Equal to me?—'tis very true;
When I degrade myself to you,
Now follow, with your eyes, at least!"
With that the haughty monarch ceased
From farther speech; but at the word
U flew the grand, imperial bird;
Away, away he wings his flight,
And soon in clouds is lost to sight!

THE EAGLE AND THE COCK
Suggest the Poet, and the hard
Of postasters—who would fly
On equal pinions to the sky!

J. G. S.

LILY DALE, twenty, tall and graceful, blue eyes, light brown hair, good tempered, fond of home, would like to correspond with a young man between twenty-three and twenty-six, who must be tall, good looking, good tempered, steady, and fond of home.

WILLIAM and EDWIN, two brothers, would like to correspond with two young ladies about twenty, with a view to matrimony. They are both tall and considered good looking.

VALENTINE, a lawyer's clerk, nineteen, medium height, fair, blue eyes, considered good looking, fond of music and dancing, wishes to correspond with a young lady about sixteen or eighteen, of a kind and loving disposition.

LOTTIE W., eighteen, considered good looking, of a loving disposition, thoroughly domesticated, and fond of home, wishes to correspond with a respectable young man.

DEBBIE and ETNA, two friends, wish to correspond with two young gentlemen about twenty-two, with a view to matrimony. Debbie is tall, rather fair, good complexion. Etna is rather short, dark hair and eyes. Both are thoroughly domesticated, have loving hearts, but no money.

ANNIE, twenty-seven, medium height, wishes to correspond with a gentleman between twenty-seven and thirty-four.

BEATRICE H., nineteen, tall, considered good looking, would like to correspond with a young gentleman, must be of a loving disposition, fond of home, and have a little money.

ERNEST and LINDA, two sisters, fond of home and music, very domesticated, would like 1,000, each when of age, wish to correspond with two tall young gentlemen, with a view to matrimony. Ethel is nineteen, a brunette; Linda eighteen, and a blonde.

ALICE H. would like to correspond with a dark young gentleman, with a view to matrimony; respondent must be about twenty-one, of a loving disposition, rather tall, fond of home.

SARAH would like to correspond with a steady, respectable young man about thirty, with a view to matrimony.

SAM, thirty-four, medium height, wishes to correspond with a young lady of amiable disposition, with a view to matrimony.

ROSE, twenty-four, tall, dark, a tradesman, wishes to correspond with a tall, dark young lady about twenty-one.

LILY and ROSE, two sisters, wish to correspond with two respectable young gentlemen. Lily is nineteen, tall, fair; very pretty. Rose is eighteen, considered very handsome.

HARRY H., tall, fair, good looking, would like to correspond with a young lady between twenty and thirty, with a view to matrimony; respondent must be good looking and in a good position.

JAMES L. H., holding a respectable position on the railway, medium height, fair, gray eyes, fond of home, wishes to correspond with a young woman of a loving disposition.

HARRY T., a painter in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with a young lady, with a view to matrimony; respondent must be between twenty and twenty-four, fond of home and children, of a loving disposition.

CLINKER JIM and TAPPAHILL TOM, two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young women about nineteen or twenty. They are both twenty-one, medium height, blue eyes.

BON, nineteen, medium height, fair, considered good looking, would like to correspond with a well educated young lady, of a kind and loving disposition, with a view to matrimony.

HELEN, eighteen, dark complexion, tall and stylish, brown eyes, black hair, considered handsome, wishes to correspond with a dark gentleman.

NELLIE, medium height, considered good looking, brown hair and blue eyes, wishes to correspond with a dark gentleman.

ESTON, a seaman in the Royal Navy, medium height, would like to correspond with a very respectable young lady.

R. F., seaman in the Royal Navy, twenty, medium height, wishes to correspond with a young lady about twenty.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

RONALD is responded to by—Nellie, who thinks she is all he requires.

A. B. G. by—Mabelle, fair, a widower without children, and of independent fortune.

RAYARD by—Nellie, twenty-five, tall, dark, and of a loving disposition.

ROBERT by—Ada, eighteen, tall, auburn hair, very loving and good tempered, and thinks she is all he requires.

HARRY by—Emma, eighteen, tall, fair, amiable, considered good looking.

CARL by—Cris, in business, and thinks he is all she requires.

EMILY by—A. G.

ROBERT by—Gipsy Girl, tall, very graceful, black hair, hazel eyes, considered very good looking.

W. G. by—Fair Nelly, medium height, fair hair, blue eyes, and twenty-two.

MARY ANN H. by—John S., in receipt of a good private income.

OLIVIA by—W. J., a seaman in the Royal Navy, twenty-three, medium height, considered good looking, thoroughly respectable.

CARL by—Beaumont, twenty-five, fair complexion, tall, in a first class business of his own, and thinks he is all she requires.

BEADY-ABOUT by—Only Daughter, thoroughly domesticated, highly respectable, and has a good name of her own.

WILLIAM M. by—Marie D., medium height, fair, of a loving disposition, fond of home, and thoroughly domesticated.

CUL-DE-SAC by—Alice D., twenty, medium height, black hair and eyes, fair complexion, rather pretty, well educated, very fond of children, fond of music and dancing.

ROBERT by—Neene, nineteen, medium height, fair complexion, blue eyes, dark brown hair, considered very good looking, of a very loving and affectionate disposition.

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